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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE nation continues to watch with hope and fear the fluctuations in the King's condition. The set-back which struck dismay into many has happily been shown to be less a set-back than a pause in progress; and as we write there are good omens. But so long an illness has grievously taxed His Majesty's strength, and it would be expecting too much to look for rapid or unchecked recovery. Many days, perhaps weeks, of anxiety lie ahead. And even when the King, in the event for which his people pray, has been restored to health it will be necessary for him to husband his physical powers very carefully. Under the conditions of to-day kingship is hardly a healthy occupation; and the incessant demands on the monarch must wear down anyone whose conscientiousness is not relieved by ability to throw off responsibility between tasks.

We can remember no previous occasion when a dispute between two remote South American countries has aroused such widespread interest as the present conflict between Paraguay and Bolivia. The number of would-be peacemakers is embarrassingly—one might almost say dangerously—large. The League Council devoted much of its time

last week in Lugano to the dispute and the Pan-American Conference on Arbitration and Conciliation has so far talked of little else. The King of Spain and General Primo de Rivera, the Pope, and the Argentine Government have all shown themselves ready to mediate. It is difficult to remember in these circumstances that the combined population of the two countries in question amounts to less than five million persons, that Bolivia has a standing army of eight thousand, that Paraguay's forces number less than two thousand five hundred, and that the territory in dispute between them is an immense wild plain inhabited only by semi-civilized Indian tribes.

At this distance, and in face of such conflicting reports from La Paz and Asuncion, it is impossible to say which country is the aggressor, and indeed the question as to who fired the first shot is of little importance, for the quarrel is one of many years' standing. That triangle of the Gran Chaco which is formed by the Paraguay and Pilcomayo Rivers is generally looked upon as belonging to Paraguay, whose capital, in fact, stands at the apex of the triangle. But Bolivia, ever since her defeat by Chile in 1883, has had no direct access to the Pacific, and no frontier in the Chaco district which cuts her off from access to the Atlantic by the Paraguay River would be acceptable to her.

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Both countries have now accepted the mediation of the Pan-American Congress, and Bolivia has sent another Note to the League, stating that orders have been given to her forces to refrain from any offensive action against Paraguayan forces. If war is prevented, it will be owing rather to the distance of a thousand miles which separates the two capitals and makes hostilities so difficult than to any realization that the world has now ruled out war as a means of settling disputes.

Nevertheless, the action taken by the League Council and, to a lesser extent, by the Pan-American Conference in Washington is in the highest degree significant. The earlier telegrams sent by M. Briand on behalf of the Council from Lugano have led to no suggestions in the United States of an infringement to the Monroe Doctrine, and indeed it is quite possible that Washington would be grateful to the League for any successful intervention, seeing that action by the State Department might be interpreted throughout Latin-America as further evidence of United States "Imperialism," and might thereby render nugatory Mr. Hoover's tour of conciliation. M. Briand, as Acting-President of the Council, urged on doubtless by Latin-American Members of the League, has threatened to summon a special Council session if Bolivia and Paraguay go to war. Such a session might conceivably lead to an extremely dangerous conflict between the United States and the League, but the indications at present are, rather, that it would do more than anything which has occurred for years to convince American public opinion of the League's utility.

The Lugano Council session which finished last Saturday was certainly not an unqualified success. That several questions on its agenda were postponed is of little importance because an organization which exists to conciliate rather than to dictate must make the most of the fact that many disputes diminish in bitterness with the passage of time. In the case of Poland and Lithuania no such diminution has taken place, and at long last the Council has decided to call upon the technical services of the Secretariat and to treat the problem principally as one of developing communications between the two countries. But in the private discussions with Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand Herr Stresemann was unable to make any appreciable progress towards bringing about the evacuation of the Rhineland. One must hope that it was this fact and not a fundamental antipathy for Poland which led him to reply so very vigorously to the attack made on the German minorities in Upper Silesia by M. Zaleski, the Polish Foreign Minister.

The Government have fulfilled expectations by making a grant from the Exchequer towards the Lord Mayor's fund for distress in the coalfields. The grant is to take the form of a pound for every pound privately subscribed, and on this basis the Government are held responsible for an immediate contribution of £150,000 and will thereafter contribute proportionately to individual donations. Some fear had been felt that a subsidy on this basis would impede private generosity, but on Wednesday the Prince of Wales, who has accepted the position of Patron of the Lord Mayor's fund,

issued an appeal in terms which bring home to every member of the community the pressing need of personal effort. The Government have also decided to devote £100,000 to facilitate the transfer of married men and their families from the distressed areas to districts where they may find work, and propose to organize schemes for training up for future employment those whom long idleness has physically impaired. This grant is a practical attempt to solve the less immediate but more essential half of the problem before the country. The suffering is great and must be remedied, but even more important is the business of obviating its continuance by transferring the population, which is a permanently surplus one.

A significant light is thrown on the way in which the depression in the coalfields was aggravated by the prolonged stoppage of 1926 by a comparison of the figures of coal exports to Scandinavia now and prior to the strike. British exports have fallen from 575,000 tons in the first half of 1927 to 369,000 tons in the first half of 1928. The decline is due to the trade captured by Poland during the stoppage here, which came as a godsend to the Polish mines at a moment when they were faced with economic disaster. A large number of Polish mines are State-owned, and in order to arrest unemployment and save an ugly situation the Polish Government subsidized them to an extent which has enabled them to reap a rich advantage from this country's troubles. Polish coal was recently being shipped to Scandinavia at the ridiculous price of 14s. per ton f.o.b. at Dantzig. This was made possible by means of an extremely low freightage rate on the Polish railways, which are also State-owned. The only way in which this weighted competition can be met is by a reduction in the price of British export coal, and the moral for coal owners in this country is that they must reorganize and co-operate in such a way as to make such a reduction possible.

The last week or two has seen a revival of discussion regarding trade relations with Russia. Mr. Boothby was careful in his recent speech to explain that he was speaking only for himself, but what he said has led to much speculation about the possibility of a change of mood in the Government. There are reasons for supposing that several members of the Cabinet are dissatisfied with the situation forced upon them by the impetuosity of the Home Secretary when he carried out his spectacular raid on Arcos, and although Sir Austen Chamberlain in his replies to questions in the House this week was studiously non-committal, it would not be surprising to find moves towards a resumption of relations being made in the near future, though so far nothing definite has been done. For our part we have always regretted the step taken in 1926, not because it was unwarranted but because it was inexpedient. We freely admit the disadvantages of exposing the country to Bolshevik propaganda and the importance of extracting guarantees from Moscow that such activities shall be discontinued; but the first consideration of a country which is in the throes of an unprecedented trade depression must be to secure every possible market for its exports.

Most people with any knowledge of affairs in Asia have long since predicted that King Amanullah's enthusiasm for Western civilization would quickly get him into trouble. The refusal to admit Afghans to the parks and gardens of Kabul unless they wear European clothes may bring about startling, if unpicturesque, outward changes without, however, affecting a people's character. Conceivably, if ninety per cent. of the population of Afghanistan could have accompanied King Amanullah on his recent trip abroad, it might have been possible to make permanent the drastic reforms he has endeavoured to introduce, but by attempting to make haste too quickly he, and perhaps still more his Queen, have strengthened the reactionary influence of the priesthood to a degree which will alarm not only the more enlightened of the Afghans themselves, but also administrators in India who, after years of patient work and study, have succeeded in pacifying the turbulent tribes of the North-West frontier. King Amanullah will be lucky if he keeps his throne.

The effort, under the auspices of the Department of Overseas Trade, to develop a "Come to Britain" movement has our sympathy. When we consider the number of visitors France secures, and the commercial advantages accruing to the French, we must feel that this country is being deplorably left behind. But if £30,000 represents the funds to be devoted to advertising the attractions of Great Britain, the effort has been conceived by minds thinking in sixpences when they should be thinking in pounds sterling. The alternatives, we believe, should be a publicity fund of a quarter of a million sterling, and, failing that, the subtler and cheaper publicity to be secured by inviting friendly foreign writers to survey and describe the life of this nation and the charm of its countryside. Other countries, notably Germany, have found what we may call intellectual propaganda to be of real commercial value; why should the British hesitate to enter on it? That and a mitigation of the prudish tyrannies of the legally defunct Dora would be worth more than miles of continental hoardings.

We return to the report of the Street Offences Committee, which has very properly laid emphasis on the rather neglected truth that the business of the police is the prevention rather than the detection of offences against decency. That being so, it follows that the police should be present on the probable scene of such offences in their most deterrent form, not in the disguise of plain clothes. The object should be to scare potential offenders, not to lull them into security and then hale them to the police station. While on the subject of plain clothes, we may refer to the dress suit activities of a section of the Force in night clubs. There, certainly, disguise is necessary for detection, and the whole matter bears another aspect. But what proportion of the dressing-up, of the dancing, of the liquid refreshment out of hours, is really necessary for detection? There might, we have heard it speculated, be as much detection with smaller expenditure on shirt-fronts and champagne. Another little Committee may some day go into that matter.

RENTS AND SUBSIDIES

THE arguments for the further reduction of the Wheatley housing subsidy by £1 10s. per annum seem to be so clear that only those who are possessed by extreme prejudice could refuse to see them. Yet Mr. Chamberlain's action has led to a great outcry in both Opposition parties and the experts on housing in both parties have evidently received instructions to turn their spotlights upon his policy, and, for electioneering purposes, no doubt, to "feature" him and Sir Kingsley Wood as two ruthless villains in the Christmas pantomime without whose unnecessary interference houses for the working classes, at rents which they could afford to pay, would be springing up everywhere like mushrooms in the early morning. But in their anxiety to appear convincing the Opposition leaders have side-stepped many of the complexities of the housing problem and have even failed to do justice to their own constructive proposals towards its solution.

It can be conceded that there is a tendency to pay too much attention to the progress that has been made in housing since the war. Since the war Government activity has been directed towards getting the building industry on its feet, at any price, even at the price of subsidies. In 1919 there was a shortage of no fewer than one million houses, and it was then calculated that the annual demand for new houses in the near future was not likely to be less than 100,000 each year: it is probable that this rough official calculation was based upon a standard that in a few years' time we shall come to accept as having been too low. But up to September 30 this year 1,162,945 houses had been built. Much has therefore been done to make up the shortage and to keep pace with the annual deficit. Two new aspects of the problem have, however, since arisen and have taken precedence over this ten-year-old estimate of its magnitude.

In the first place it is now generally agreed that the demand for houses above a rent of, say, 14s. or 15s.—which is very much higher than the lowest-paid worker can afford to pay—has reached saturation point. The stimulus to the building industry has therefore been given and to continue to build houses of this kind, with the aid of a Government subsidy, would be carrying our admiration of Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Chamberlain's formerly effective subsidy to an absurdly ineffective conclusion. It would mean the building of vast numbers of houses at high rents which would stand empty and ridiculous in every part of the country. What is now needed is an effective means of providing cheap good houses at much lower rents—an aspect of the housing problem which we freely admit was never being solved before the war and is unlikely to be satisfactorily provided for, at any time, by

the unaided efforts of private enterprise. It is towards the provision of these cheap houses that the second new dominating factor enters into consideration. It has been well put in a comment on last week's debate in the *Economist*:

The Labour Party stressed the considerable percentage increase of unemployment in the industry since the last subsidy reduction, a blot which the Minister tried to explain away. But the true significance of the figures did not receive its due attention. It is not that fewer men are actually at work on housing this year, but that those now employed represent the surplus taken in the earlier months of 1927 in order to cope with the pressure. The fact that the number of houses built rose from 143,000 in 1926 to 196,000 in 1927, and yet the number of men actually at work never showed an increase of as much as 10 per cent. give rise to various thoughts.

It certainly indicates that the building trade needs now to be stimulated into reorganization, and that the close combination between employers and men should be encouraged into efficient activity in the national interest as well as in their own selfish interest. The price of houses can obviously still be reduced in spite of the opposition from the building-trade employers and workers.

But reduction in the price of houses is not the whole problem. While slums, back-to-back houses and Newcastle's flats exist, and while the cost of houses, varying as it does throughout the whole country, is far beyond that for which the lowest-paid worker can afford an economic rent, everyone is agreed that the problems of slum clearance and of housing the lowest-paid worker have yet scarcely been considered. Now is the time to make new adjustments in order to meet new circumstances. The present is a transitory period in which the reduction of the price of houses is an important preliminary factor. It is not a period of inactivity but a period of changing activity. The reduction of subsidy in 1927 was followed by a general reduction in the cost of houses. The next step towards the provision of cheap good houses is a further reduction along the same lines.

Later will come the time to tackle seriously the new problem of aiding the lower-paid worker to live in houses the building cost of which makes the rent beyond his capacity to pay. How new this problem is has not yet been generally recognized. It is not only a matter of the mere continuance of the subsidy; the subsidy, while providing a stimulus for building, also tends to maintain the price of building at an artificially high level and to divert its benefits from the householder to the building trade, and to local authorities, thereby defeating the end to which it should be directed. Some means other than the present subsidy must be devised for reducing rents. This might be done by family allowances, by relief of rates, by subsidies paid directly in relief of rents or directly to distressed areas.

The point cannot, however, be too much emphasized that the problem is one that has yet scarcely been considered, and might well be ventilated by the appointment of a Royal Commission or Departmental Committee, to deal specifically with the question of bringing the rents of houses within the means of those whose incomes are so small that they can only afford an extremely small rent. But it should be borne in mind that this is a different aspect of the problem from the provision of houses.

SERBO-CROATIAN DISCORDS

TIME, which is alleged to heal all wounds, has brought no balm to the injured feelings of the Croats, and the failure of the Belgrade politicians to go even a quarter of the way to meet the legitimate demands of Zagreb has resulted in a serious deterioration of Serbo-Croatian relations. During the past fortnight, indeed, events have moved so rapidly that the latent crisis, which had existed since the murder of Raditch last June, has now become acute. On December 1, the date on which the union of Serbia with Croatia and the other "liberated" provinces was officially proclaimed, the Belgrade Government decided to hold official celebrations of the tenth anniversary of this somewhat inauspicious event all over Yugoslavia. In view of the state of feeling in Zagreb and of the Croat boycott of everything emanating from Belgrade, this act can only be characterized as a senseless provocation. The Croats, as hot-headed and obstinate as the Serbs themselves, met provocation with counter-provocation, and while the Serbian troops in Zagreb were saluting the Yugoslav flag Croat students hung out black flags from the Cathedral, to bear witness to their injured feelings and to Croatia's day of mourning. A riot ensued, some hot-head let off his revolver; firing took place on both sides, with the usual toll of casualties among the innocent, and in a few moments the smouldering fires of Croat resentment were once more fanned into a violent flame. Belgrade's reply to this outburst was to appoint a soldier as military governor of Zagreb. The first act of this military disciplinarian was to suspend the sittings of the Zagreb District Council.

Such is the situation at the present moment; in many respects it could hardly be worse. Belgrade, convinced that the resistance of the Croats is not serious, is apparently determined to apply methods of force rather than of persuasion, and, oblivious of the lessons of the war and of the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, is now endeavouring to govern Croatia on the same lines as the Tsarist Government ruled Poland. On the other hand, the Croats, who hitherto have never expressed any desire for secession from the Yugoslav State, have hardened in their demands and now declare that they will be satisfied with nothing less than complete autonomy. They are still willing to remain under the Kara-georgievitch crown, but they now demand a constitution of their own similar to that which Hungary obtained from Austria in 1867.

The obstinacy which is a characteristic of both races might yield to reason and common sense if only representatives of the two peoples could be brought together round the council table. Belgrade, however, hypnotized by the fallacious belief of every bully that in a quarrel he who makes the first concession has the moral disadvantage, has made no sign, while for much the same reasons the Croats are too proud to beg. Both parties seem to believe that time is on their side, and, while these political disciples of Nero are fiddling, the Yugoslav State, which in many

respects seemed the most compact and the most promising of all the new creations of the Peace Treaties, is slowly burning.

As a result of the events of December there are to-day two new symptoms in the crisis. There is now a grave danger that a quarrel, which began as a movement of the new or liberated provinces (that is, a movement which included not only Croats but also the million odd Serbs from the other side of the Sava) against the tyranny and oppression of Belgrade, will develop into a real hate of brother for brother, of Croat for Serb. The other disturbing factor in the situation is the dragging of King Alexander's name into the dispute. Hitherto, the King has been regarded by the Croats with loyalty and affection, and Croat intellectual and Croat peasant alike believed that before matters went too far he would step in and satisfy their wrongs. To-day, however, the appointment of General Maxinovitch as Military Governor of Zagreb is ascribed by every Croat to the personal intervention of the King, and in consequence his popularity in Croatia has vanished in a night.

At the present moment, therefore, the situation seems almost hopeless. The chief trouble lies in Belgrade, where the selfish and corrupt party politicians seem incapable of considering any other interests than those of their own pockets. One would have thought that common sense and an appreciation of the dangers to which further discords can expose the Yugoslav State (already Hungary and Italy are fishing energetically in the troubled waters) would convince the Serbs of the necessity of coming to terms with their Croat brothers, who, incidentally, are quite as tenacious and as stout-hearted as the Serbs themselves. But at the present moment Belgrade seems incapable of producing any politician of the calibre of even a Pashitch, let alone a Masaryk, and a peep into the inner history of Belgrade politics during the past ten years would reveal a record of intrigue and petty jealousies almost unparalleled even in the history of the Balkans.

Admittedly, the Croats have been far from tactful in their dealings with the Serbs, and some of their demands for autonomy go a long way beyond the frontiers of the practicable. Probably their greatest mistake was that they ever accepted, or rather acquiesced in, the Yugoslav constitution at the time of the union. It seems clear to-day that Yugoslavia would be now far nearer a sound internal consolidation, and indeed a certain measure of practical centralization, if in its earliest beginnings the new State had started its political life on a federal basis.

Serbian megalomania, however, is largely responsible for the present impasse. It is one of the unfortunate characteristics of the new States of Central Europe that they now apply to their own minorities the same methods of repression against which they themselves had protested for centuries in the days when their own independence was strangled. The Serbians have been foolishly blameworthy in this respect—doubly foolish because the war should have taught them that nationality is not to be suppressed by force of arms and because in their case their largest minorities have been composed of brother Slavs. Having created the present deadlock, they themselves must find their own way out. They can continue to use their present Tsarist methods of military government with the almost certain result of bringing disaster to the Yugoslav State and perhaps even danger to the peace of Europe. Or, before it is too late, they can put away childish things and grant a wide measure of reform to the sorely-tried Croats. Probably a *sine qua non* condition to any agreement will be some form of federalization which will include not only Croatia but also Slovenia and the other "liberated" provinces. One thing, however, is certain: the mistakes of the last ten years in Belgrade

have put back the clock of progress in Yugoslavia for an indefinite period.

There is another aspect of this crisis which affects the people of this country. The internal affairs of Yugoslavia are the concern of the Yugoslavs themselves. We have not forgotten the heroism of the Serbian soldiers in the war and we have watched with sympathy and with growing anxiety the efforts of the Yugoslav people to build their new State. There is one point, however, which we should make clear to them. Belgrade is in need of a foreign loan. That is the concern of Belgrade. Where England invests her money, however, is very much the concern of the British people. As the granting of credit is as much dependent on political stability as on economic prosperity, it is useless for Belgrade to look for financial assistance to this country, and probably, indeed, to any country, until it has put its own house in order.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

BY concentrating every day this week on the Local Government Bill, and with the help of the "guillotine," the House had got about a third of the way through the committee stage of the English measure when it rose on Thursday for the Christmas recess. The discussions have not been exciting and even those almost spontaneous eruptions of activity which indicate tension in Parliamentary as in trench warfare have been virtually absent. The amendments brought forward have mostly resembled reconnoitres or raids more than attacks. A number have been moved from both sides of the House more with a view to eliciting explanations and assurances than to effecting radical alterations of the Bill. There has been a good deal of sniping from the back benches. A muffled detonation at frequent intervals indicates that Mr. Sydney Webb has emerged from his laboratory and is exploding a mine highly charged with technical information. A sharper report tells us that pale, spectacled Mr. Greenwood has worked up a spasm of somewhat anæmic fanaticism and has thrown a grenade. Sir Henry Slesser tunnels amid labyrinthine legalities and comes to the surface from time to time unflaggingly hoping to find himself inside the Government's defence. On the Liberal front Mr. Harney rolls gravely over clause after clause, with tank-like persistence, while Mr. Ernest Brown is always ready to empty a drum or two of his plentiful ammunition in a merry swoop from the top bench below the gangway, both anxious that theirs should not be thought a side-show. Then to all this, Sir Kingsley Wood, with intermittent frequency, rattles out replies as rapid and precise as bursts of machine-gun fire, and Mr. Chamberlain is always ready to send over a high explosive shell to discomfit an audacious sally. In Captain Bourne, who is acting as Deputy-Chairman of Committees in the absence of Mr. Dennis Herbert, the House has discovered a meticulous student of the rules of order and a possible Speaker of the future. Mr. Webb did not like being told that the speech he wanted to make on one occasion would be more in place on another, though he was able to make it just the same, but perhaps he would not so easily have been rubbed up the wrong way if he were more accustomed to being stroked by an Oxford rowing blue.

As things have turned out, the time-table seems likely to prove rather too constricted. Amendments have been numerous and the discussions on them lengthened by imperfect comprehension of what the Bill really means, and debate on several important clauses has thus been prevented. It is to be hoped

that occasion can still be provided during the Report stage for the raising of important points which the guillotine has intercepted. The strange thing is that the Opposition have apparently accepted this situation with complete equanimity. It is of course quite clear that with the crowded programme of a modern Parliament a measure of this sort could hardly be carried without some curb on loquacity, but it is difficult under present procedure to strike the happy mean between fair comment and obstruction. It is not infrequently suggested that highly technical legislation should be referred to a Select Committee of both Houses. The main direction of Opposition effort has been to accelerate the break-up of the Poor Law or the finding of means of dealing with destitution which do not bear the stigma of pauperism and to mitigate any disabilities consequent on the acceptance of Poor Relief. The Government have not been unsympathetic to these objects, though few specific suggestions have met with favour.

* * *

The Prime Minister's announcement on Monday of the Government's decision to make a substantial contribution to the Lord Mayor's Fund for the distressed mining areas was well received in all parts of the House. The fear that voluntary contributions might be curtailed by State participation is being met by putting the grant on a pound-for-pound basis, and it is hoped that this will act rather as a stimulant than a discouragement to private donors. At the same time it has been possible to link up this relief with the more general policy of Industrial Transference and the like. A supplementary Estimate for some £300,000 was introduced, and discussed on Thursday. In consequence of this action it was stated on Tuesday that the Government did not think it necessary to give facilities for the passage of the lady Members' Bill to provide boots for children in distressed areas.

At the end of the day Commander Kenworthy waxed indignant because the Government, having secured the suspension of the eleven o'clock rule in order to get the third readings of the Superannuation (Diplomatic Service) Bill and of the Overseas Trade Bill and having kept the irrepressible member for Hull waiting till that hour with what must be for him the intolerable burden of unexpressed eloquence, postponed the discussion of these measures at the last moment. As the Opposition usually object to any orders being taken after eleven o'clock the Chief Whip, while glad to see such enthusiasm for the expediting of Government business, must have felt that they were difficult to satisfy. It appeared that the Parliament Act was to blame. These Bills had been certified by the Speaker as Money Bills and therefore must be returned by the Lords within a month. But as the House of Commons would not by then have reassembled it would be impossible to comply with the Act.

* * *

The threat of war between Bolivia and Paraguay was the subject of questions to the Foreign Secretary last Thursday and again on Monday. It is an interesting comment on the changed outlook on foreign affairs that a dispute which not many years ago would have been passed over by the public as all of a piece with the recognized conception of the unstable relations of unruly South American Republics, should now assume direct, even though remote, importance. With the coming into existence of the League of Nations any breach of the peace is of world-wide concern, and we have to take notice of lesser delinquencies that we may safeguard ourselves against greater.

FIRST CITIZEN

THE TRANSPORT PROBLEM

By F. A. MACQUISTEN, K.C., M.P.

SOON after the first railways were constructed and steam locomotives began to run upon them it occurred to some bright minds to put steam locomotives on the public highways. The railway companies, blind to the public interest—and in truth with much public support—succeeded in getting these road locomotives prohibited by law. Few Acts of the Legislature have caused so much social damage as this prohibition of steam road traction. But for this prohibition the villages would never have been depopulated and the large towns would never have reached their present unwholesome and congested dimensions; many industries would have settled beside the local populations, the workers would have lived in less urbanized and more healthy conditions, and the problem of adequate roads would necessarily have been solved long ere now.

Another disastrous result of forbidding road traction was to drive the carrying of what may be called "smalls" on to the railways. These can stand relatively high freights and consequently the railways were able to carry "heavies"—that is coal, iron, steel and the like—at much cheaper rates than they would have been able to do if they had not had a relative monopoly of the more payable "smalls." They were thus in a position to compete more than effectively with the then existing canals and to make it impossible that there should be any development of water-borne carriage or construction of new waterways. Had the railways not had the "smalls" the canals could have held their own for heavy bulk traffic. Indeed, for traffic going into thousands of tons they are not only cheaper but quicker than railway carriage which is not subvented by traffic naturally belonging to the open road.

At the long last, however, Nemesis overtook the railway companies and road transport came into its own, and is every day taking back from the railways what the latter never should have had. The railways, unwieldy, stereotyped, burdened with labour agreements and rules and imbued with the psychology which prolonged monopoly tends to develop, are not in a fit condition to stand up against the more modern and mobile methods of transport. Most of the cross-country branch lines would never have existed had mechanical road transport been allowed its natural development, and now that it has at last been permitted, these railways are no longer required and to carry them on is sheer waste of time and money. The railways have now got permission to run motor transport on the roads and it will be natural for them to endeavour to use their new powers to sustain their old monopoly. This in the long run will not avail them, for the new mobile transport is what the public requires and any attempt to subordinate it to the railway is bound to fail. The question is, how the high expenditure that the railways were compelled to make in buying land and constructing their tracks is to be saved, not only for the railway companies, but in the public interest. Nothing could be more disastrous than that all this vast outlay should slowly fall into desuetude, as has happened with the canals. The solution appears to me not to be beyond the wit of man to contrive and I venture to suggest it.

When railways were first constructed Parliament took great care for the safety of the lives of the lieges. The railways had to be fenced in so that neither human beings nor cattle could stray upon them and a great body of regulations was created for the safety of the public. These are stringently enforced to this day. Yet a train running along a fixed line is not nearly so dangerous as a motor

charabanc or a lorry on the highway. If the deaths and injuries due to motor traffic were caused by railways what an outcry there would be. The figures are simply staggering. To solve the problem of public safety as well as to redeem the railway capital expended on the construction of their permanent ways I suggest that the original principle upon which railways were constructed should be reverted to. That principle was that the railway was a toll road upon which anyone could haul his goods on payment of an appropriate toll charge. (This was the view of the Parliament of the day, who were keenly opposed to the creation of anything that savoured of a monopoly.) But the structure of railways with vehicles running on a single pair of lines made monopoly inevitable. The return to the toll road is the means of the salvation of the railway companies. Let them obtain powers to remove the rails of all their shorter railways and lay down satisfactory motor tracks devoted to motor transport. They can then charge a suitable toll to all vehicles making use thereof as well as running their own motors thereon. The motor would join the toll road at the point nearest its starting place and leave it again at the point nearest its destination, proceeding from and to these points on the ordinary highway. All terminal charges are thereby avoided and the toll would be the only charge. The existence of these toll roads would tend to remove a very large proportion of traffic from the existing highways and save heavy costs of repair thereto and abate the terrible menace that the motor vehicle is to the safety and lives of all users of these highways.

The present expenditure of the Road Fund on improving existing roads, highly beneficial as it is, or in constructing new speed ways, will never meet the need for special motor roads. For horse and foot and cyclists—most in danger of all—have still the right to the public highway, although it is now more dangerous than the English Channel in fog to shipping. None of the parties legally entitled to use the ordinary road can operate his full rights thereon because what was intended for the earlier users is inconsistent with the new use thereof by motors.

As the construction of these new motor toll roads would relieve the ordinary highways of the vast bulk of their traffic it would not be unreasonable that a considerable portion of the Road Fund should be devoted to paying interest on the capital expenditure needed to lay down the road bed on the new toll roads. By so doing the toll charges could be kept down to a figure which would make the roads economically attractive. It would be too much to expect the railways companies to embark on this expenditure. If they contribute the land and the road bed as it is and draw from the tolls a reasonable return on the value of their contribution, then the balance, or a large portion of it, ought to be provided by the Ministry of Transport upon whom the claims for road construction would naturally be much abated.

I see no other solution to the problem of transport than some scheme of this kind. We cannot have the Ministry of Transport and the ratepayers constructing new roads all over the countryside to compete with and destroy the railways. Such an action is neither sensible nor just. By building new transport upon the railway system on the lines suggested the problem of the competing interests is partially solved. Some such proposal should be speedily adopted because there is no doubt that within a year or two the condition of the roads will be beyond all calculation or mitigation. No Road Fund can provide the money for adequate road construction on the foundation of the existing roads, and if new roads are to be built then the problem of buying the land immediately emerges. The railway land

is then being obsolescently used. Why not use it in an up-to-date manner?

I should be interested if some experts in railways and motor transport would give your readers the benefit of their views on the suggestions which I have outlined.

OLYMPIANS

A CHAPTER in Mr. Kenneth Grahame's 'The Golden Age,' which I read with delight as a boy, has the title 'Olympians.' These people, so far as I remember, were grown-ups, the parents, uncles and aunts—foolish and majestic people—who sat up for dinner and remained talking long afterwards (as one lay in bed, their voices came floating up through the floor, with the tinkle of glass and plates, and it was strange that they should be talking and laughing richly, when others were already in bed). They read the newspapers gravely, knew the weather, and would warn one another mysteriously off subjects: "Not so loud, my dear; not before the children!" As one grew older, their mystery began to vanish; one was left staring at known and ordinary faces, belonging to people more important, it was true, than oneself, but definitely of one's own stature. The magic was transferred to remote strangers, favourite authors and heroes of adventure. Then, after a struggle, one grew up completely, Olympianism was attained, and the glory of it went out like an exploded lamp.

I suppose there are some who never really outgrow childhood and, marrying quickly, can relish their Olympianism fully as husbands and fathers. For my part, though I am not a cynic, I have long ceased to believe in my own or anybody else's Olympian qualities. Nowadays we have not even beards to shelter behind. There was a time when I was impressed with "greatness," the great poet, the great statesman. But I found on meeting one or two, that they were very much like the rest of us. Joubert complained, in one of his aphorisms, that on the sole occasion when he saw Pope, the little man was picking his nose. So I was disappointed to find that X, who wrote a lovely verse, was a bore, and that Y, whom I had worshipped for years, had coarse features and a habit of bubbling into his pipe.

Sometimes it seems as if only the Olympians of art, the faces grouped in pictures, the life in a story to which one returns fascinated, so finite is it yet boundless, are real. And they can be shattered by disillusion. For a period 'Tristan and Isolde' may seem to be the supreme expression of tragic love; at the end we find that we are looking at fat singers and a painted background. Few of us dare to test the memories of childhood, the novels read in secret, the music that made us sad, the first friendships. Yet either we must do this or forget them altogether. I defy anyone to live without illusions, even if they are only illusions about himself. Those about other people are easier and much clearer. It is the fact of romance, if not the fiction, that the imagination is most stimulated by a momentary glimpse, a woman seen in the street or a view flashing past the window of a train. Strangeness is still on them like a bloom. In life they alone are truly Olympian.

Three figures stand out in my mind: a young man, an old woman, and—curious though it seem—a parrot. Somewhere in the recesses of memory there are other Olympians, but they are the back-benchers, seldom if ever emerging from the shadow. One day I may attempt to count them, bring them all into the blazing light of debate; but at present I dare not risk it.

The young man I saw on half-a-dozen occasions at the Librairie Ste. Geneviève in Paris. The weather at the time, I remember, was cold, over the streets as

often as not there was a thin layer of snow; and the young man, who was a student at some neighbouring college, used to come into the reading-room at eight o'clock in the evening to get warm. His blue pinched face stuck forward from his coat, which he wore with the collar turned up. The first time I saw him he bowed politely and asked me what I was reading, but on my beginning to answer he waved his hand and strode off with a smile. "C'est un imbécile," a girl whispered at my side. He must have heard, for he returned at once, took off an imaginary hat to her and made a rude noise. I watched him striding round the long tables, made to seem longer by the slight fog that always hung about the room, leaning over people's shoulders and discovering unaccountable jokes. His chief pleasure, I learnt afterwards, was to imitate a turkey, and for doing this too loudly and flapping his arms he got into trouble with the librarian. He used, after an inspection of the room, to settle down quietly with a book, often some technical work on physics, the illustrations of which amused him intensely. I have seen him black in the face with suppressed laughter over a geometrical figure. Some impudent schoolboys made him paper hats which he clapped on his head when the librarian was looking away. He used to crack his fingers, pulling at them as though they were organ-stops, and he could make a noise like a pistol with some other parts of his body which I think must have been his toes. He even imitated the expressions of people round him, twisting his face very quickly into so many different shapes that it seemed like the play of lightning. I saw him for the last time in the stalls of a cinema, where he had a terrific argument with someone at the back of the balcony. He caught the eye of this man, whom I could not see, and screamed: "Vrai Esquimaux." The man apparently took this as an insult, though "Vrai Esquimaux" is the usual cry of the attendant selling ices; and the two roared and yelled at one another across the theatre till both were turned out. "Cette dégoutante personnage!" I heard the student moaning to himself as he went. I did not see him again. The weather became warm and he did not return to the library.

The woman sells newspapers at a corner outside a London bank. She is dressed completely in black, even her face is heavily veiled, and she wears black gloves. Her small figure is always standing beside a dilapidated pram which contains newspapers. She reads a picture paper and watches people as they get on and off buses. From a distance she is so small, dark and featureless that she looks like a fly settled on the wainscot. There is an indefinable air about her of Sunday. She must be, I think, in mourning for herself. I cannot imagine her ever speaking, or existing except outside a bank where people pass her by. Probably she is dead, and her ghost continues to act as she did in life. There is a woman like her in a painting by Van Gogh: a black fly-like figure halfway across a canal bridge in the distance. In the picture she seems at rest, ludicrously immobile halfway across a bridge; a speck ruling the waste of grey sky and rigid stretch of canal. But dead, utterly dead.

And last, the parrot lives in a cage outside a bird-shop in a slum. It sings bright little tunes with the grinding care of a barrel-organ; sometimes it twinkles like a musical-box. The feathers are green and usually ruffled. It always looks at the passer-by who stops for a moment, and inclines its head mechanically, as though it were an advertisement figure about to mention a slogan. Then it whistles tentatively. If the person whistles back, it starts off with barrel-organ and musical-box, fixes the attention of everyone within hearing and suddenly exclaims in an awful human voice: "Oh, 'ell!" Further than that it will not go.

You are disappointed, I know, in my Olympians, as I should be in yours. Now that I put them on

paper, they are as dull as lantern-slides. But their lives seem to be of a different sort from ours, of one dimension more, or one less. Perhaps if I saw them sideways they would disappear altogether. In any case, for me they would remain Olympian.

G. W. S.

FLEET STREET BAR

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

YOU can sit down, of course, if you want to, but it is better to stand up. Nearly everybody here stands up, as close to the bar counter as possible. You see, nobody is staying here long; they have all just slipped in to have one, just one; and though actually they may remain here an hour or more and have at least six, it would not do to sit down, which might suggest they were *staying*, whereas of course they have just slipped in to have just one. No, they are not all journalists. In fact, very few of them are journalists. Those very prosperous-looking fellows, with overcoats that are a credit to their tailors and bowler hats with a rake to them which suggests that no line can be drawn between business and pleasure, those fellows are advertising and publicity men. They favour the "double Scotch" and hand one another very long cigars. Why do they laugh so heartily? We do not know, not being privileged to join their various little groups; but no doubt these are days when an advertising man can still find something to laugh at; indeed we are sure they are. It must be fun to play on the public mind as M. Cortot plays upon his piano, to say "Bullo is Best!" to say it so often and in so many different ways, and then watch the good old mob line up for it. We are behind the scenes at last. From these "doubles" may come certain inspirations that will inevitably compel the patient folk outside, hurrying along the pavement or crowding into the buses, to bring out their shillings, ask for Bullo (or whatever it is), and take it home with them, convinced that at last they will have sleep or nourishment or soothed nerves or anything that these jovial fellows at the bar decide they want to have.

Some of the men here are printers. I do not know what a printer is nowadays, and I do not propose to find out. Observe the two short, sturdy men, with hats at the back of their heads, who now approach the bar. There is Lowland Scot written all over them. One of them nods to the barmaid and immediately two small glasses of neat whisky are set before them. Another nod, this time to one another, and the whisky has gone. Another nod still, and the glasses are filled again. A last nod, and they and the whisky are gone. We will waste no more time with the printers, who themselves apparently waste none.

Yes, the barmaid still flourishes here, and presents a figure of womanhood that seems like an anachronism. Only a few elderly duchesses and the barmaid keep it up, coiffured and upholstered to the last. If you want to make the barmaid happy, you have only to ask her if Mr. Smith (or any other regular patron) has been in this morning. "Mr. Smith? Let me see," she replies, seriously but really in an ecstasy. "No, Mr. Smith's not been in this morning."

He was here yesterday. Mr. Brown was in about half-an-hour ago, enquiring for him. I believe Mr. Robinson was saying Mr. Smith was coming in some time to-day." There are probably still a few innocents who believe that barmaids like dubious badinage, compliments, proposals of marriage, and such stuff; but anybody who has the slightest real acquaintance with these grimly respectable women knows that they would not barter one message about Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown and Mr. Robinson for all the compliments and jokes in the world.

And now we come to the journalists, for, after all, this is Fleet Street and this place is a bar and there must be *some* journalists here. Do boys in provincial towns bother their heads any more about Fleet Street? I remember one who did, twenty years ago. Ah!—the 'Street of Adventure'—and "scoops" and grizzled war correspondents and those "specials" who were in Belgrade one week and Barcelona the next, and the dramatic critics complete with beribboned eyeglasses and epigrams, and the fascinating Bohemians who sang French folksongs at the piano, and Famous Editors and scholarly leader writers and the eager, beautiful girls ready at any moment to leave the Home Page for St. Petersburg and—if necessary—a disguise—oh, the whole glamorous bag of tricks! Where are you now? Not in this bar. I do not believe that the provincial boys, those lads at once such a joy and a puzzle to their parents and a downright nuisance to the assistants at the Central Free Library, where they seem to be popping up every five minutes changing their books, I do not believe these boys dream any longer of a street of adventure called Fleet Street. I do not see how they could. The papers that come out of Fleet Street are no longer adventurous. They are tame and silly, most of them, and they all follow one another, like tame and silly sheep. A journalist nowadays seems to be a man who spends his time ringing up a third-rate actress to learn if it is true she is engaged to the young man whose former wife (seen last night at the Kit-Kat) is now marrying the Hon. Archie ("Tutty") Spentup, whose dog-collars, designed and painted by himself, are the talk of London.

No doubt some of the men over there, smoking their pipes and drinking glasses of bitter or "splashes," have to spend some of their time ringing up third-rate actresses and the like, but I fancy most of them contrive to do better things. That heavy man over there does the nature notes for one of the dailies, I forget which: "Now the screech-owl nesting in the bare ilex outside my garden ruffles its feathers, while the tits come crowding over the low wall"—and so forth. He always seems to be in here, and cannot have had a glimpse of Nature for years. Presumably he invents it all. His companion on the right, the grey-haired man, has been on dozens and dozens of papers, and must have been slipping in and out of this bar for the last thirty years. Papers come and papers go, but he and his kind go on for ever. He is a most witty pungent talker. Is he a most witty and most pungent writer? He is not. Give him a pen and all the life dies out of him. He can take the sparkle and fun out of any subject. He has really lived for years now

on his talk. On the whole, journalists are the best talkers we have, far better than authors, who are too egoistical and have a trick of keeping all their best things for their books. Journalists have to spend a good part of their day writing about things they are not interested in and expressing opinions that are not their own, with the result that talk is for them a delightful escape. The knowledge that they can say what they like turns them into copious, cynical, humorous, enchanting talkers. What Fleet Street says is always worth hearing, indeed worth a special visit any time. It is simply what it writes these days that is so tedious.

The tall man who has just come bustling in is one of your favourite writers, although you do not know it. You have read his work many a time and with the deepest interest. That article by the French tennis player, that little confession by the heavy-weight champion, the modest column by the famous fast bowler, the few hints by the Channel swimmer—yes, he wrote them all. It is he who has contrived to make sport so articulate. The mournful little man there, who looks as if he kept a shop full of secondhand bedroom suites, has the grave responsibility of choosing the serial stories for one of our great dailies, and there is no evidence either in his appearance or manner that he enjoys doing it.

Probably a surfeit of enthralling tales of passion and intrigue, in which a young girl risks all for love, has reduced him to this condition. The gentleman handing him a drink is not really here at all, as you will discover in to-morrow's paper, for there he will tell you that he spent this particular hour somewhere further West, where, by a series of remarkable coincidences, he met or at least saw all those particular people the public is supposed to want to read about just now. Yes, he is a gossip writer. The two men with books under their arms are, of course, reviewers, and why they have not already sold the books is something of a mystery. Perhaps they are still deciding whether to say the authors "have hardly fulfilled the promise of" their earlier work (sold long ago) or to say that the authors "are proving themselves writers to be reckoned with," a phrase that means much to reviewers even if it means nothing to anybody else. This worried looking young man is the editor of a "leader page." He looks worried because it is his duty to discover men and women who can really write good and original articles, not the usual kind of thing, "Do Women Like Marriage More Than Men?" or "Are We Worse Dressed?", but something new, something that will startle the public into attention, and at the same time something that is suitable for a newspaper "leader page," such as "Do Men Like Marriage More Than Women?" or "Are We Better Dressed?" And then those three fellows there—but let's go, shall we?

¶ There having recently been brought to our attention instances of the late arrival of posted copies of this paper, subscribers who have any cause of complaint are requested to send particulars to the Circulation Manager, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2—where possible accompanied by the wrapper—in order that the facts may be laid before the postal authorities.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

UNEMPLOYMENT

SIR,—Upon former occasions, when I have communicated criticisms of other people's arguments, you have been so tolerant that I feel hardly justified in encroaching upon your space once more. However, unless I have failed to grasp the purport of the recent letters about unemployment, the lack of any sort of logic in them urges me to state the case in its simplest and most obvious form.

It is astonishing that the citizens of a country can display such ignorance of that factor upon which it depends for its very existence, namely, Industry and Finance, for surely it is not very difficult to see that during the war our factories and men were being kept busy by borrowed money. The borrowed money served to maintain an industry which had for its end the production and destruction of manufactured explosive.

To arrive at an exact parallel now we should have to borrow five or six million pounds a day, manufacture some heavy machinery, pay for transport and shipping and labour to carry it out to the deepest part of the Atlantic, and there to dump it.

But, of course, no sane nation would "lend" us money if we were intent only upon throwing it into the sea. The money lent to us during the war was only given upon the understanding that we should work hard in order to repay it after the crisis. Hence the industrial activity of war-time has absolutely no parallel in the normal course of a nation's life.

I am, etc.,

A. GERARD BOULTON

Sussex Road, Harrow

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Briton," seems to have missed the main point of my letter published under the heading "Unemployment." I will endeavour to elucidate it.

During the Great War millions of men (some six millions) were engaged in the completely uneconomic task of killing Germans and Turks or being killed by them. Some other millions were engaged in other uneconomic tasks of supplying munitions and other direct war supplies to those six millions and to millions of our Allies, thus leaving only a very few millions to supply the ordinary needs of all, combatants and non-combatants.

It stands to reason, therefore, that if the equivalent millions of men (and women) were now in peace time organized on real productive work on a national scale a sort of "Utopia" could be achieved where real poverty would be unknown.

Your correspondent's point about the foreigners does not amount to much. A few thousand Germans and Austrians—waiters, bakers, and such like—returned to their respective countries on mobilization; a few thousands were doubtless interned, not expelled—but all these added together constitute a mere bagatelle. [N.B.—There were still numbers of Italians, Frenchmen, etc., over military age going about their usual avocations]. And these were probably offset by the number of "imported" Australians, Canadians, and Colonials, and by various sorts of other nationals brought here for various military or semi-military purposes, such as tree-cutting.

I am, etc.,

"TOURNEBROCHE"

SIR,—May I point out to your correspondent, "Briton," the folly and lack of good taste in his letter published in your issue of December 8.

1. It is a costly task to move unemployed from industrial areas to agricultural areas even when it is feasible.

2. It is an insult to the working-man to suggest that those who cannot find employment should be forced to do anything, when most of them are ready to accept any work for a living wage.

"Briton" seems unable to grasp the fact that men used to mines and factories are not easily converted into rustics, however willing they may be to change their mode of life. It is regrettable that so many people fondly imagine that human beings can be pushed hither and thither like pawns.

I am, etc.,

M. S. A. WILLIAMS

19 Warwick Street, Rugby

AFRAID OF THE DARK

SIR,—Are our godfathers and godmothers afraid of the dark?

Amongst instructional films shown to the Society for Experimental Biology at its meeting last week-end at University College [states the *Manchester Guardian*] was one which dealt with the development of man from an egg to an embryo of six months' date. It is understood that the Film Censor refused to allow this film to be shown publicly. It was made under the direction of Professor Julian Huxley, and is an interesting attempt to deal with a difficult subject.

The action of the Film Censor is instructive. It is, I understand, a body set up by the film industry, in order that it may keep itself advised as to what legal action is likely to be taken against films, presumably under the legal definition of "obscene." In the opinion of the film trade, therefore, this instructive and unimpeachably chaperoned scientific film would be held by magistrates to be obscene, if it were publicly shown, and the opportunity is thus presented them to order the film to be publicly burnt for fear anyone should be contaminated by visual acquaintance with the truth about his early life.

Clearly there are some things in common between the censorship of this film and the censorship of the 'Well of Loneliness.' Both are works in a popular style, describing lesser-known facts relevant to the true knowledge of human beings. Both were sponsored by recognized, accredited authorities on the topics with which they dealt. Both are comprehensible to the average intelligent man anxious to possess an accurate general knowledge of the species to which he belongs. Clearly neither is banned because it is "obscene" under any definition of "obscenity" accepted by ordinary human beings. Both are banned because they are true popular statements of a branch of knowledge of which our godfathers and godmothers still think that we should remain ignorant.

I am, etc.,

R. G. RANDALL

Doughty Street, W.C.1

JUSTICE TO ANIMALS

SIR,—Mr. Walter Crick's letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW for December 1 presents a dangerous moral doctrine and incidentally opens up a still more dangerous theological argument.

The pontifical dictum that man owes no duty to animals has been held to excuse the grossest cruelty and neglect, especially among the Latin races, and the argument is summed up in the common reply to any remonstrance addressed to an Italian peasant for any act of cruelty—"Non é Cristiano."

But the theological ground on which the dictum is based is that the animal has no soul. It is, in fact, the Cartesian position of animal automatism, which

was long since shown to lead logically back to the automatism of man. But the study of animal mind and consciousness has made vast advances since the day of Descartes, and the doctrine of creative evolution—with the proofs of man's physical and psychical kinship with the other animals accumulating on all sides—stands pre-eminent to-day. How much longer will our theologians flounder about in the bog of misunderstood Jewish writings, instead of realizing that having "dominion" over bird and beast does not mean having licence to exploit all less evolved life for human greed or advantage, regardless of suffering to the sentient creature, but having headship, leadership, kingship, in a word—responsibility for the direction which animal development has taken, is taking, and will take? When man realizes that he is but the first-born among many brethren, from the point of view of soul growth; when he understands that—to quote another Jewish scripture—"What befalleth the sons of man befalleth beasts," and that "the creature also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption," he may begin to base his theology and his action rather on the model of the Blessed St. Francis than on that of Pio Nono, of whom, however, it is fair to say that he expressed approval of laws introduced for animal protection.

Meantime the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together, and awaits the coming of enlightenment to the responsible vanguard—civilized man.

I am, etc.,

EDITH WARD

Acton Burnell, Salop

PETTICOAT LANE

SIR,—With reference to the above very interesting article in the SATURDAY REVIEW for December 15, can you tell me the writer of the lines, "Your Cigars from Havana, Your Sherries from Spain, Were made in the purlieu of Petticoat Lane"? I first heard this in the year 1878.

I am, etc.,

R. J. BENTINCK

New Club, Cheltenham

SIR,—It is surely an exception, it is certainly a delight, to read side by side in a contemporary publication two such admirable essays, each in its own way a joy, as 'Plus Ça Change,' by Mr. Gould, and 'Petticoat Lane,' by Mr. Priestley.

I am, etc.,

JAMES A. MACKERETH

Stocka House, Cottingley,
Nr. Bingley, Yorks

MARK TWAIN

SIR,—I am writing a biography of my kinsman, Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain). If any readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW have unusual information or original stories concerning Twain will they please communicate with me.

I am, etc.,

CYRIL CLEMENS

Mark Twain Society,
Mayfield, California

CRICKET LAWS

SIR,—I feel I must draw your attention to a mistake in your Literary Competition No. 144A. The second prize winner, Mrs. M. M. Snow, in her paper (Question 5) asks what would be the reason given for a batsman being given out when a "No Ball" is called and he is technically stumped if the "No Ball" had not been called.

The answer she gives is "Run Out." This is wrong. To start with, the umpire should not have

given him out unless he had hit the ball and if, as was the case, he missed it, he could neither be "Run Out" nor correctly given out at all. The only way a batsman can be out off a "No Ball" is run out, and he can only be run out either in running after hitting the ball or running if the wicket-keeper misses the ball or if he is standing out of his ground, snicks the ball and the wicket-keeper puts the wicket down.

I am, etc.,

W. B. FRANKLIN

5 Paper Buildings,
Temple, E.C.

THE THEATRE

POTTED PICKWICK

BY IVOR BROWN

Mr. Pickwick. Written expressly from Charles Dickens's Characters and Scenes in 'The Pickwick Papers' by Messrs. Cosmo Hamilton and Frank C. Reilly with six scenes in colour by Mr. Hammond and incidental music specially arranged by Mr. O'Neill. The Haymarket Theatre.

DIP into 'Pickwick' where you will and you put your finger into a "weal-and-hammer" or a pint of steaming brandy and water. They are always at it; the story is carnival with the accent on the first syllable; was there ever such an orgy of beef, beer, and blood pressure? Drinking on the stage is often tolerable and sometimes admirable entertainment. But feeding is nearly always a failure, a sketchy affair of unconvincing scraps. If the management is prepared to give up a whole act to the meal and do the thing in a richly realistic manner, as in 'The Man from Blankley's,' then the audience need not be disappointed. The platefuls can be genuine helpings instead of the customary and dismal mockeries of human capacity. As a general rule, while the acting of appetite may be adequate, the simulation of satisfaction is deplorable. The player nibbles where he should be gorging and is usually to be discovered secreting the morsels for which he has been ostensibly pining behind the aspidistra on a side-table. The actor, in short, has had his meal before he came to the theatre and has no intention of risking his digestion with the stale and supplementary fragments offered him by the stage-manager.

This kind of hesitant savouring of food is fatal in a gastronomic pageant like 'The Pickwick Papers.' I suppose that Dickens, having actually gone hungry day after day in his terrible childhood, found an authentic relish in recording the colossal rations of pie and punch put away by his first covey of characters. At any rate it is no good trying to stage 'The Pickwick Papers' without careful attention to the commissariat. I know that it is extremely difficult to make your actors "eat hearty" on the stage, but, if ever there was a play in which "eating hearty" is a moral obligation, it is surely an adaptation of the Pickwickian Odyssey. But our players nowadays cannot square up to a plateful of pie or a bowl of punch, and the luncheon at the shooting-party turned out to be a pitiful snack. I do not suggest that the conscientious actor will really swallow mountains of meat, but he will somehow manage to suggest enormous disposal of food. The Pickwickians in pursuit of partridge and pheasant never suggested the aching void and eager victualling; even the Fat Boy, who is cleverly turned to a fearsome blob of waxen adiposity by Master Jack Corp, did not really seem to tuck in, and Mr. Pickwick, who should have been radiant over his rapidly emptied glass of punch, sipped

it as though it were some meagre medicine, beneficent, no doubt, to the organs, but pestilential to the palate.

Perhaps Mr. Charles Laughton is going to it more warmly by now, but on the first night he seemed to be only a doubting devotee of the burly Briton's diet of chops, roly-poly, and assorted alcohol. On the other hand he was excellent as Pickwick the student of pond-life; his mien and manner did really suggest many happy half-hours beside Hampstead lakes and a hard-won connoisseurship of tittle-bats. It is surely right to remember that Pickwick is not merely a Bacchic misadventurer; he is a middle-class milord with a tendency to scientific profundity as well as a taste for alcoholic gravity. He glows, it is true, in the text, but he drinks deep of the cool Pierian springs as well as of hot punch. Mr. Laughton, though he sipped his punch too gingerly, did all else with that conscientious thoroughness which has so far helped him to overtop his coevals of the stage. There was plainly nothing of movement or of tone which he had not carefully thought out. Against this cool and considered performance of Pickwick many people will bring their own preconception of what Samuel was like; it is obvious from the first that any dramatic version of a masterpiece of fiction is likely to rouse in the auditorium the sharp antipathies of the enthusiastic lovers of the book. That is a risk which the adapters must take. If you are one of the faithful, a hot sectary of the Club, or a member of the Keen Order of Wellerites, then you are certainly going to be huffy about this point or about that. You would have Mr. Laughton more jocund or Mr. Eliot Makeham's Weller rather more of the solid batman and less of the glib wag. That is the trouble which awaits, inevitably, those who lay their hands on such public treasure.

On the whole the adapters on this occasion have done as well as the stage conditions permit. It is only possible to cut a few sandwiches from the baron of beef that the book suggests. Hardly anything is seen of Bob Sawyer, nothing whatever of Mr. Stiggins. Only a few of the halting-places can be pictured. For my own part I wanted more than anything to see "swarry" at Bath and to hear Mr. Weller pronounce his views on chalybeate waters. But the adapters have all my sympathy. To cut some of this richness must have been as exquisite a torture as cutting pounds of one's own flesh. They have given us an "Omnium gatherum" at the White Hart, glimpses of Goswell Street, a day with the guns (and bottles), Christmas at Dingley Dell, the Court of Common Pleas, the Fleet Prison, and the effusively connubial conclusion. Naturally the whole matter wears an air of clipping and contraction. But it is not false to the spirit. The first performance will, I am sure, be improved upon; it is mainly a question of gathering warmth and encouraging the energy and audacity of the team. Let them remember that Dickens wrote at a roar and may be acted with an equal disdain for the subtle and more tacit method of our contemporary theatre. Mr. George Curzon, who plays Jingle, has the advantage of a much more showy part than that of the passive Pickwick; he plays it, in addition, extremely well and demonstrates the value of unqualified intensity and unstinted flourish. He fits himself into the shrunk hose of the old actor, whereas some of his colleagues have hardly forgotten their Oxford trousers.

It goes and, as the players warm up to it and acquire more of Mr. Bruce Winston's breadth and fury of attack (his Buz-fuz is great fooling), it will go better still. Furthermore it will deserve to go, since nothing that has any recognizable kinship with the hand of Dickens could be dull. I admit that Dingley Dell is the last place where I should care to spend Christmas night; the kind of joviality displayed is, to my mind, a particularly sickening blend of Bacchic gurgitation and boys'-club hearti-

ness. Nothing is further from my notion of revelling than Dancing Sir Roger with doddering Grannie and the tittering maidens summoned from the servants' hall. But one must take the sickliness along with the sanity of Dickens and, no doubt, it is the amateur cabaret of Dingley Dell which will help to draw the audience with its carol-singing, duets, and dances. I warmly recommend the audience to attend this grand parade of the old familiar names; it derives at least enough vitality from its mighty original to make it seem far more muscular and spacious than the average Christmas play and it has the services of all manner of clever people. In addition to those already mentioned, I should like to name Mr. Eugene Leahy and Mr. D. J. Williams. But to make exception in the large cast becomes difficult. Mr. Aubrey Hammond's charming designs and Mr. Norman O'Neill's music are excellent factors of atmosphere. Together with Mr. Basil Dean, the producer, they supply a frame that is amply adequate for a "period" picture that must be less than the colossal original but is neither a weakling nor a libel.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—147

SET BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an account of a dart match at the Blue Lion, written in not more than fifteen heroic couplets.*

B. *A miracle of science projects Dr. Johnson, Mr. Podsnap, Mr. Micawber, Jane Austen, Henry James, and Robert Browning into a modern drawing-room where they listen-in to Miss Sitwell reading her poems. A First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for a set of comments made by the listeners at the conclusion. No comment may be of more than one sentence. Phrases which they have used in the past may be offered, if the reference is supplied.*

RULES

- i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 147A, or LITERARY 147B).
- ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.
- iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.
- iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, December 31, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of January 5.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 145

SET BY H. C. HARWOOD

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem in not more than twelve lines, and in the manner of 'The Shropshire Lad,' on Christmas.*

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the wittiest account of himself that Santa Claus could contribute to 'Who's Who.'*

REPORT FROM MR. HARWOOD

145A. The entries for this competition were numerous and good. Some persons, while adopting the rhythm and even the phrases of 'The Shropshire Lad,' were bitter instead of being ironic, or sentimental instead of being sane. Others lightheartedly gave themselves to parody, and rather coarse parody at that. The majority, however, succeeded in being Housman *in petto*. (If I omit to mention the gentleman who sent in 32 lines of 'Locksley Hall' the fault is not mine but Space's.)

Of parodies, the best in a rather bad lot is G. M. G.'s

For Alfred lies in prison
A forger self-confessed,
And Arthur dies a traitor;
The gallows claimed the rest.

That a lot of small amusement may be evoked by such songs, I should be the last to deny. But there are better things than that. For example, C. T. Y., one of whose verses is:

For there a lad like you or I
Who loved as others loved before
Must die as English felons die
And see the fields he ploughed no more.

H. F. D. begins very well, but his last line, "The herald angels' song," is too remote from Housmannery. D. C. can also write poetry:

The fields are cold this Christmas Eve,
And barren is the thorn,
And yet to-night, so I believe,
The Infant Christ is born.

On the whole I must recommend for first prize Valimus, despite the weakness of his last line. For the second prize I recommend Majolica, who has imitated Mr. Housman not wisely but too well, that is, too closely.

FIRST PRIZE

'Tis time, I think, for mistletoe
The lads should roam the shire,
And seek above the drifted snow
The holly's crimson fire.

So like enough on bush and tree
There's little left to thieve
When lads from Wenlock Edge to Cleve
Turn home on Christmas Eve.

To-night the silvered berry high
Above the firelight gleams,
Where luckier lads and girls than I
Keep tryst as light as dreams.

VALIMUS

SECOND PRIZE

When Ludlow bells were ringing,
And snow lay on the ground,
With jesting and with singing
We'd pass the can around.

With feasting and with laughter
We'd wear the night away,
Nor care what followed after
That happy Christmas day.

Now winter skies are weeping
For golden lads and brave,
Who Christmas cheer are keeping
Far, in a foreign grave.

MAJOLICA

145B. Students of 'Who's Who' must frequently have observed that even quite intelligent persons who try to be facetious about themselves fail. That this is no accident is shown by the experience of your competitors. No one made a really good joke, and those who came nearest to doing so were precisely

those who ignored the necessary formula. Moral: one cannot be funny with 'Who's Who.'

My apologies are due to your readers for setting a task that looked easy, but proved uncommonly difficult. After putting aside those learned essays in which a literally encyclopædic knowledge of the origin of the myth is displayed, and such jaunty efforts as that in which Claus is made to say that like Johnny Walker he is still going strong and like Charley's Aunt still running, I can find nothing better than P. R. Laird's commendably succinct entry; the reference to Oriel, however, I do not understand. For second prize Pibwob and H. P. D. run very close. The latter wrote too much. In making Claus Hon. President of the Amalgamated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Enginemen (Junior Branch), he tugs at our heart-strings, and we cannot but smile at "Chairman, Royal Commission on Smoke Abatement." But Pibwob gets nearer to the proper manner, and must be preferred; to him, therefore, I recommend the second prize should be given.

FIRST PRIZE

CLAUS, Santa: Date of birth variously placed by acquaintances. Father, Christmas. Ed. Whitebeard's Academy and Oriel. b. Chim., Dec. 25. Chairman of the Royal Commission on Public Hoaxes; at present time Director-General of Juvenile Entertainments Board, and Vice-President of Society for Stocking Preserves. Author of "Treatise on the Annihilation of Space" and other good works. *Recreations*: sleighing, racquets, sooting. *Address*: Sledmere, North Poland, and Reindeer Club.

P. R. LAIRD

SECOND PRIZE

CLAUS, Santa Nicholas, St., C.M.G., F.R.Ae.S.; Stocking Jobber. b. Box Hill, 6/25 Dec., s. All good boys, d. All girls; Educ. Episcopate of Myra; learned Christmas Boxing at Nice (325), with Arius as sparring partner; President of the Ancient Order of Beavers; Patron of Aberdeen (where the hard nuts come from), of Pawnbrokers, Sailors, etc.; Ex-Patron of Russia (resigned on alienation); Inventor of process of transmitting gifts by telegerdmain; *Publications*: "Roving Among Rooftops"; "Mrs. Harris, Proofs of her Existence"; "What Every Christmas Snows"; "Whisper and I shall Hear"; "Yulysse"; "Sleigh! A Plea for Hanging Up." *Recreations*: Chimneyeering, Reindeer-farming; *Address*: c/o Father and Mother, Home; Club: Travellers'.

PIBWOB

WINTER

BY CHRISTINA BEVAN

NOW the last leaf is taken from the tree,
Now the last song is sung, the last word said,
Now face to face with naked certainty
We stand at last; now fear, now hope are dead.

This is the end. There is no more to say.
We will go out and see how strong and wide
And flawless is the earth, and how the day
Is riveted with frost on every side.

We will go out across the ringing land
Through the clear, frozen day, until the light
Turns once again to darkness, and we stand
Encompassed by the fixed and staring night.

No grief shall then assail us, nor regret
Make weak our hearts; but lifting up our eyes
We will consider how the stars are set
Like golden nails in the unflinching skies.

BACK NUMBERS—CIV

WHY on earth cannot people take a writer for what he is, and be happy with him, instead of either complaining that he is not somebody else or insulting him by pious exaggeration? I have not got beyond what Oscar Wilde used to call the usual age, but I am old enough to remember the time when hardly anyone bothered about Samuel Butler. On that followed a period in which his achievement as a writer was magnified absurdly, by those intolerable persons who cannot admire a man at all until they have claimed immortality for every paragraph he produced. Now, though the figures of his sales may contradict me, he seems rather out of favour. What is his true position?

* * *

As one who admired some things of Butler's before they were generally admired, and was never a Butlerite, I think I can judge fairly soberly; and it seems to me that Butler will live nominally by 'Erewhon,' but actually only by his 'Note-books,' by the official biography of him, and by 'The Way of All Flesh.' As to the last, nearly all that is best in it is part of his biography; it declines sensibly as soon as the experiences of its hero become quite other than its author's. The biography is very good, but Butler was not Johnson and Mr. Festing Jones was not Boswell, and on the whole, once read, it passes out of the mind. And the 'Note-books' are what they profess to be.

* * *

In the fullest sense of the word, Butler was not a writer. He was a character, a questioner, a disturber of settled convictions. A really solid body of achieved literature, I protest, would have overburdened Butler, prevented us from thinking of the man. "Paints, too," said Whistler, when they were reciting the many talents of Leighton: how horrid it would have been if "Was a character" could have been merely tacked on to a catalogue of his books! It is not the business of a character to be a man with a great deal of intrinsically very valuable accomplished work. Outside literature, we know, characters are men travelling lightly, the gipsies, the vagabonds, the broken gentlemen, the tavern philosophers, whose company we relish for their art of being authoritative without the credentials dull people require before they will let a man open his mouth on any great matter. It is not very different in literature. Show us a man with a great deal of valuable baggage and we degenerate into customs officials. But Butler amuses us like a traveller who has little to declare except a bonnet full of bees: we examine him rather than his possessions.

* * *

I do not remember, whether it is in the biography or in the 'Note-books,' but somewhere Butler boasted, more than anything else, of having upset the Darwinians and of having proved that the 'Odyssey' was written by a woman. He also produced an interpretation of Shakespeare's sonnets, which no one, so far as I know, has taken very seriously; and threw off a large number of quite original opinions on literature, music, morality, and what not. The literary opinions are seldom more than amusing at first encounter. For example, when he said that Blake was no good because he studied Italian late in life in order to understand Dante, and Dante was no good because he leaned on Virgil, and Virgil was no good because he was adored by Tennyson, he was merely finding a flippant form for the expression of prejudice. As regards music, of which I am not competent to judge, he seems to have got little beyond varied assertion of the supremacy of Handel, but much may be

forgiven an obsession which results in this kind of libretto:

How blest the prudent man, the maiden pure,
Whose income is both ample and secure,
Arising from consolidated Three
Per Cent. Annuities paid quarterly!

It is said that the music he and Mr. Festing Jones composed for this was perfectly Handelian, but for me the point is that it is the pleasantest thing of its sort since Peacock's financial chorus. It is the opinions on conduct that count.

* * *

Butler's experience had taught him to mistrust everything. He had the bitterest reason to mistrust conventional ideas about family life, having been badgered by his pious and monstrous father till he became convinced that the institution of the family was produced by the lust for tyrannical power rather than by natural human affection. A normal experience of the love between man and woman might have cured him of many of his suspicions, but he saw women only as menaces to his liberty. Even the perfect friendship given him by Miss Savage could not allay his terror. She, after all, did want to marry him, and she, in the bitter pathos of his own verses about her, was:

Plain and lame and fat and short,
Forty, and overkind.

Not even with her could he be the perfect friend. I do not think it was that old terror known to men normal enough but imaginative:

Toujours ce compagnon dont le cœur n'est pas sur!

It was inability to believe in all that dignifies passion. Only with mockery of himself did he go to those others, his mistresses. And of the three men whom he trusted, one betrayed him in a manner for which there has never been any explanation.

* * *

Whether by the method of Plutarch or by the method of Browning, there should be brought together Charles Augustus Howell and Charles Paine Pauli. Howell, a very excellent liar, a good forger of pictures, an enlightened collector, with all the charm of the best Stuarts, and all the fascination of those who bear the bar sinister, "did" and helped some of the greatest painters and poets of his day. They treated him, in the end, quite absurdly, allowing him to die not with a cut throat and a half-sovereign between his teeth in the gutter outside a Chelsea public-house, which at least would have been romantic, but in a hospital of the pneumonia which decorously supervened on a draught in the windpipe. They should have run him as a Jacobite Pretender to the throne of England. But he deluded the mainly unsuspecting. Pauli, over a long period, duped the utterly disillusioned Butler, and was apparently a person of no special attraction. He was not even at the pains to pretend that Butler did not bore him.

* * *

The discovery that Pauli had "done" him through all those years came too late to have any important effect on the dupe, and I think it is to the experiences of boyhood that one must cast back for Butler's mistrust of human beings: to that and to the reception of his best books. If I remember rightly, with one exception, no book of his sold more than about 300 copies, and some sold much fewer. To the scientists he assailed he was merely a porcupine encountered on the road, bristling but without comprehension. For the general public he simply did not exist. To us he is, or should be, a man of a peculiar cast whose opinions are worth considering, not so much because they are sometimes very usefully at odds with those of most people, but because they proceed from a character, are very definitely his.

STET.

REVIEWS

MR. POUND AND OTHERS

BY T. EARLE WELBY

Selected Poems. By Ezra Pound. With an Introduction by T. S. Eliot. Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d.

The Buck in the Snow. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper. 5s.

Collected Poems. By A. E. Coppard. Cape. 5s.

Poems. By Mary Webb. With an Introduction by Walter de la Mare. Cape. 5s.

The Love Concealed. By Laurence Housman. Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d.

AS a troubadour who has translated Tupper for a Loeb edition, Mr. Ezra Pound is merely a curiosity. But there is also the other Mr. Pound, who at certain moments has had glimpses of a beauty not revealed to every idle gazer, and who occasionally seems on the point of recapturing cadences of a beautiful foreign language. It might have been expected that Mr. Eliot, in his selection and in an Introduction of such length, would distinguish the one from the other. He does nothing of the kind. His task as anthologist he simplifies by printing virtually the whole of Mr. Pound's verse, except the 'Cantos' and 'Proper-tius'; and his Introduction, though it shows characteristic intelligence in dealing with tradition and revolt, and has some excellent asides, is in effect a plea for accepting Mr. Pound whole and without grimace. The influences are duly enumerated: Provençal poetry, Chinese poetry, Browning, Mr. Yeats, indirectly Swinburne and Morris, Dowson, Lionel Johnson, Fiona Macleod. But it does not seem to have struck Mr. Eliot that a writer who submits to influences so various is setting up a curiosity shop, and a curiosity shop of reproductions at that, rather than producing a coherent expression of an independent personality.

Whatever "periods" there may be in a genuine poet's career, however various his subjects, moods and methods, his work as a whole will have a unifying principle, which in critical shorthand one may perhaps call his rhythm. Mr. Pound does not achieve that rhythm. Indeed, his poems are most readily recognizable as his by his refusal to attempt it. Is it petulance? Is it impotence? I do not know. But even in the single poem he will stop where the poet has hardly more than begun. In a piece of two lines, 'In a Station of the Metro,' he sees admirably:

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
Petals on a wet, black bough.

But that is all. Once, and perhaps once only, he has found a subject exactly suited to him:

Be in me as the eternal moods
of the bleak wind, and not
As transient things are—
gaiety of flowers.
Have me in the strong loneliness
of sunless cliffs
And of grey waters.
Let the gods speak softly of us
In days hereafter,
The shadowy flowers of Orcus
Remember thee.

Yet have we even there the completeness and inevitability of poetry? Like many of his best pieces, it has the air of having been translated out of something fine and fragmentary into something even more fragmentary and less fine. The authors, as Blake said of some of his own work, are in eternity; but Blake, when he was still a poet, was a flawless medium.

If Mr. Pound stops short of achievement, Miss St. Vincent Millay perhaps achieves a little too easily.

She has delicacy of diction and an instinct which allows her to wander safely on the frontier of sentimentality, but the delicacy is indulged and the wandering is a concession to weakness. In one of the profoundest and least known of his few and priceless sayings about poetry, Rossetti warned William Allingham against that sort of poetry which is like an actual walk from country churchyard to country churchyard, pointing out that poetry in that mood should less record the experience than instil into the mind of the reader the energy to walk it off. 'The Buck in the Snow' would have been a finer book if Rossetti's warning had been present to Miss Millay; but it is a fine book, though it arouses some anxiety by its relaxation, its author's readiness to take the line of least resistance. A poem like 'The Pigeons' shows a real mastery of simple symbolism, and 'West Country Song' says an old thing in a new way, to precisely appropriate music. But I could wish that the smoothness of Miss Millay's language were more often relieved by such a word as brings the tang of life into the last line of her 'Sonnet to Gath.'

Mr. Coppard has his poetical future very much in his own hands. He can do the free verse business at least as well as the next man, sometimes remembering Henley, as in:

When time and vain eternity instal
Their daft horizons, and I yield
To them the irrelevant victory;

and sometimes in a way quite his own, as in 'The Oracle' and 'Summer Night's Rain'; but it is when he yields himself to music that he is most himself and a poet. Here, in an exquisite song, is the kind of reward he can apparently have any time for his surrender:

Of love's designed joys
Dream only, do not speak,
Lest every noting hour
A separate vengeance take.

Holy is love, but frail
With love's confined desires,
Against whose chosen urn
Time like a thief conspires.

Keep silence; love will grow
In its own darkened air,
A moon whose clouds do make
Heaven and itself more fair.

When Pope was editing Shakespeare he found "O grave charm" impossible, and improved it into "O gay charm," an emendation which gives us at once the whole measure of the difference between the pseudo-classicism of which Pope was sometimes (but only sometimes) the victim and the true imaginative temper. Gravity in joy is one of the surest signs of poetical genius, as may be seen in the frivolous verse of Herrick when contrasted with Tom Moore's; and it is the quality I find oftenest, in a degree surpassed only by Mr. Robert Bridges among the poets of our age, in the poetry of Mary Webb. The prose of 'The Spring of Joy,' here bound up with her poems, is full of it. But it is in her poetry that it has its finest expression. Sometimes it is a delight rather like John Clare's, in the mere enumeration of simple beautiful things; sometimes it is the delight of the minute observer, whose fancy does not distort the observation:

And here's the aconite—a golden moon,
Shining where all her raying leaflets meet.

But she can also attain to an utterance of it charged with rich, romantic suggestion:

Memoried deep in Hybla, the wild bee
Sings in the purple-fruited damson tree.

She has other moods also, as in 'Viroconium,' which will henceforth in every fit memory keep company with Mr. A. E. Housman's poem of Uricon:

On capital and corridor
The pathos of the conqueror.

And she can command the old, traditional enchantment, as in 'Colomen,' which will take its more modest place with things in Coleridge and Poe. It

fills one with futile anger that the most unquestionable poetry of this kind written by a woman since Mary Coleridge should have had to wait for recognition till she was dead and a statesman's generous word had sent people to her novels.

It is with Mr. Laurence Housman, in certain of his pieces, the best to my mind, as with Robert Eyres Landor: true affinity of imagination and not imitation accounts for 'Badcombe Fair-night.' There is a personal touch of violence which the more confident art of Mr. A. E. Housman would have spared us:

And the hawthorn scent that flew above
And fell about their feet,
When I had finished off their love,
Hung heavy as dead meat.

But the stripped energy of the thing is worthy of that other poet. And even with such Salopian subjects Mr. Laurence Housman's imagination can go its own way, as witness 'Brother Hands' and the strange, moving poem in memory, obviously, of the murderers Thompson and Bywaters. There are other things to praise: for real emotion using ingenuity the conclusion of 'The Motion of Spring'; for a certain earnestness in the play of fancy a dozen passages elsewhere. It needed only a resolute narrowing of purpose for Mr. Laurence Housman to have been a yet more considerable poet than he is.

SIR PAUL VINOGRADOFF

The Collected Papers of Paul Vinogradoff.
With a Memoir by the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 42s.

VINOGRADOFF was a man who very nearly, if not quite, "knew all laws and spoke all languages." Massively erudite, he was in a double sense a giant towering over most of the learned men of his age. The foundations of his cosmopolitan scholarship were laid in Russia, where by the age of twenty-two he had acquired an encyclopædic knowledge of law and history. He had a prodigious memory and must also have had prodigious energy and diligence. From Moscow he went to Berlin to study under Mommsen, and not long after to Italy, where he ignored other attractions for the sake of the archives and libraries in which he studied the mysteries of Lombard land-charters.

His first visit to England was paid in 1883, and it was, indeed, a memorable one. In a few weeks, says the Warden of New College, he learned more about Bracton's text than any Englishman had known since Selden died. But he did more, for it was Vinogradoff who converted Maitland to the study of legal history. If he had done no more than this his influence on the course of historical scholarship would have been great; but he went on with his own studies and produced the English edition of his first and perhaps his greatest book, 'Villeinage in England,' in 1892, and it is interesting to find that the SATURDAY REVIEW was among the first to notice his work.

On his English visit Vinogradoff met English scholars and he was almost as thorough in his method of getting to know the England of the present as the England of the past. He was at Oxford when the University refused to send an address on the four-hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth; he saw Mr. Gladstone at the theatre; he applied to Scotland Yard for a plain-clothes officer to show him the East End. His knowledge of English, even of English slang, was extremely good, though it never became exactly that of an Englishman. He would sometimes use slang in an improbable way, as when he wrote that "King John had taken his hook."

Till Government interference made the position of

a teacher impossible, Vinogradoff was professor at Moscow, conducting seminars in addition to delivering lectures, and giving much time and energy to promoting elementary and secondary education. Then he resumed a wandering life, and paid a further visit to England, where in 1903 he was appointed Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford. His predecessor, we learn, said that Oxford had done no better since she took Alberico Gentile, and Mr. Fisher adds that his proved the best teaching in historical research to be found in the University.

The "Pontiff of comparative jurisprudence" had acquired his extraordinary mastery by assiduous and arduous toil. He visited Scandinavia and learned Norse. He contributed his additions to human knowledge in several languages and became, perhaps, the best-known figure in the learned world of this Continent. Even outside his own subject he was enormously informed. Mr. Fisher compares him to one of the great medieval doctors whose fame went throughout the civilized world, and another writer has styled him *doctor magnificus*. He inspired not only veneration but affection. In Moscow, students pursued him in such numbers that they were turned from the door, whereupon they would follow him to the swimming bath.

When all allowance has been made, his range of knowledge must be counted immense. He would point out that as late as the time of St. Augustine there were people in Africa who spoke dialects of Phœnician, or he would illustrate a legal principle by examples drawn from Roman, Scandinavian, Saxon and Greek law. He avoided brilliant paradox and aimed at common sense. Of the thesis of Fustel de Coulanges that early land-law was rooted in ancestor worship, he said that it required "a vivid imagination to accept the view that men appropriated fields not for the sake of the harvest, but because they had buried their parents in part of the compound."

Vinogradoff was bitter in his feelings about the Russian revolution. Of the March revolution, he said: "Protopopoff's secret service wanted riots, it got a revolution instead." The Bolsheviks he utterly detested. His standpoint was that of a moderate Liberal, bitterly disappointed in his hopes. He was very human, and a great personality. "The man," writes Mr. Fisher, "was greater than anything he wrote." He had humour and passion; and he could enjoy with a "double measure of gusto." Of his illustrious services to learning, it is only necessary to add that they were crowned with honours from the Universities of three continents.

We are indebted to Mr. Fisher's memoir, which is here reprinted, for much that we have said of this great scholar. In the volumes before us are also collected essays on history and jurisprudence which would otherwise have to be sought in many scattered journals. In addition there are drafts of two chapters which were to have formed part of the third volume of the 'Outlines of Historical Jurisprudence,' and a valuable bibliography.

O'BRIEN THE PARNELLITE

The Life of William O'Brien. By Michael MacDonagh. Benn. 21s.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN died early in this year, and we have already his authorized biography. With Mr. Healy and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, he was the last of the Irishmen of the 'eighties who formed Parnell's party, not long ago described by Lord Balfour—who watched its rise, culmination and decline—as that "most marvellous of political phenomena." O'Brien's name may now be forgotten in England, except by the older generation of

politicians and journalists. Indeed, he never sought English fame, for, as Mr. MacDonagh says, "Ireland was not only his centre; it was his circumference." But some forty years ago he was for a moment the cynosure of all eyes; this was as the author of the 'Plan of campaign' and the founder of 'New Tipperary,' follies that were bound to appeal to the type of sentimental English Liberals, afterwards satirized in 'John Bull's Other Island.'

Mr. MacDonagh says that O'Brien had the quality of a statesman; but this, in the light of the 'Plan' and of 'New Tipperary,' is to go too far. The Parnellites were all men of special talents, and O'Brien's talent was that of the demagogue. He was, however, a demagogue who did honestly believe in Demos. Popular Irish politics were his lasting romance. He got little enough applause from his countrymen in his later life, but did not turn rancid like his colleagues, or complain of the people. Parnell, who did not as a rule like Parnellites, liked O'Brien and recognized his personal integrity and generous impulses; and George Wyndham much later had the same feeling for the old agitator and enthusiast. By these generous impulses O'Brien sought in the latter part of his career to sway the course of Irish National politics.

Mr. MacDonagh relates the story of the movement headed by O'Brien, which aimed at agreement on the Irish question among Irishmen themselves, Orangemen and Nationalist, Tory landlords and emancipated tenant farmers. O'Brien had been the fiercest and most unreasoning of the foes of the Irish landlords; but once the principle of peasant proprietorship had been established by the Wyndham Act, he hoped to break the antagonism of the Protestant minority to national self-government by a policy of conciliation which would lift the cause of Home Rule out of the area of party strife. The Irish Party, under Redmond, preferred, however, to identify the cause of Home Rule with that of the English Liberal Party and the attack on the House of Lords. O'Brien attributed every subsequent Irish disaster, partition and the loss of Ulster above all, to this decision. The latter portion of his life was a long protest of "I told you so." Had O'Brien's view prevailed in Ireland, the course not only of Irish history but of English history would have been altered; and for the way this is brought out Mr. MacDonagh's book is alone worth reading. As a journalist and a London Irishman, Mr. MacDonagh has been much in touch with affairs in Ireland and in Parliament, and his account of the Irish business in the last fifty years is well documented and presented most interestingly and sometimes in novel aspects. As a personal study, the book is a little disappointing; Mr. MacDonagh only reproduces with modifications O'Brien, who was no psychologist, as O'Brien saw himself.

OXFORD IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Oxford in 1710; from the Travels of Zacharias Conrad von Uffenbach. Edited by W. H. Quarrell and W. J. C. Quarrell. Oxford: Blackwell. 5s.

The Undergraduate of the Eighteenth Century. By Christopher Wordsworth. With an Introduction by R. Brimley Johnson. Stanley Paul. 18s.

ALTHOUGH von Uffenbach can hardly be termed a discovery, since his accounts of Oxford and Cambridge were known and have been quite freely drawn upon before, it was undoubtedly worth while to produce a full edition in English of the relevant part of his journal, which amounts only to seventy printed pages but is full of valuable detail. Uffenbach was a sarcastic and very superior person,

and it seems more than possible that the bad impression he received was partly the result of the bad impression he produced personally, for it is hard to believe that he can successfully have dissimulated the very pronounced opinions which his journal betrays. Nevertheless he enjoyed the standpoint of an educated foreigner, and his forcible comments are very often justified by the state of the University at that time. The Bodleian interested him most, for he was a collector of books, and he gives an unflattering portrait of the Librarians, who were completely ignorant and could only be attracted from the tavern by their craving for gratuities. On meeting a fellow-German and his party:

They asked us to accompany them, possibly so that we might contribute something to the crown that the Sub-Librarian must have. We allowed ourselves to be persuaded just to see what miserable stuff is shown to people like these, and how little profit they would derive from it.

At Christ Church

We saw the hall or dining room, which is fearfully large and high but otherwise poor and ugly in appearance; it also reeks so strongly of bread and meat that one cannot remain in it and I should find it impossible to dine and live there. The disgust was increased (for the table was already set) when we looked at the coarse and dirty and loathsome table cloths, square wooden plates and the wooden bowls into which the bones are thrown; this odious custom obtains in all the colleges. The *socii collegiorum* as well as the students or scholars must dine there; but the most important have their meals brought to their rooms at an incredibly high cost.

But at St. John's "the dining hall is small but fairly clean, and does not stink as badly as the others usually do," and a point here and there in certain of the other colleges meets with his qualified approval. His visit to Blenheim Palace during its construction and his comparisons with the Continent are also particularly interesting. The translation is well done, but there is no index.

A period when the matriculations at Oxford sank as low as 190 in the year, and when the systems of tuition and examining for degrees either broke down or were very imperfectly applied, should have been as interesting in its unrestricted undergraduate life as it was dull intellectually. Parson Woodforde's Diary and Gilbert White's account book and such letters as those of the younger Pitt give us a vivid picture of the behaviour of undergraduates when no one felt particularly concerned about it. But Mr. Wordsworth

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wrote fifty-five years ago, when some of these sources were not available, and he relied mainly on secondhand contemporary evidence gleaned from squibs, pamphlets, plays and official documents, rather than the accounts of undergraduates themselves. In reprinting this popular selection from his 'Social Life at the English Universities in the Eighteenth Century' Mr. Johnson gives us a book which falls short of the promise of its title, and is inferior not only in value but in popular interest to a fresh work drawing more freely on the first-hand descriptions now at his disposal. There is, moreover, a confusing absence of distinction between Oxford and Cambridge when the text passes from one to the other and back again, and this becomes serious in the case of colleges like Trinity, St. John's and Corpus, which exist at both the Universities. A similar fault is the use of phrases like "At the close of the last century," "The present century" and "At the present time," which appear to stand unaltered from the edition of 55 years ago.

INDIVIDUALISM

The Return to Laissez Faire. By Ernest J. P. Benn. Benn. 6s.

SIR ERNEST BENN has enlivened our political controversy for some time. A sharp-shooter attached to no particular group, he has contributed an element of surprise to that monotonous war of attrition of the regularly recognized parties. It is true he had a label of his own (an individualist, he called himself), but this we interpreted as an elastic name for common-sense, an impatience such as Burke had for "upstart theorists," a contempt for bureaucrats, and a solemn plea against the increasing enslavement of the individual by the official. With this background in our minds, we finish the present book with a certain sense of disappointment. Individualism has itself become a party, with its central shrine in a bookshop in Charing Cross Road. It sets before its adherents the rather hopeless task of educating whatever party they support to its own conception of refined common-sense.

This concentration of genial principles into a dogma leads to a certain stridency, a certain pre-election emphasis of phrase that detracts somewhat from the charm that we found in the earlier volumes. It reveals itself clearly in the chapter on education. Sir Ernest asserts that "to many working-class families the seven years of compulsory education appear something like a period of conscription, if not a period of imprisonment, which has to be suffered and ended as soon as possible," a statement which is on the whole quite unwarrantable, and for which he adduces no evidence. He attempts to show that the English educational system with its dual control of local and central administration is a perfect Socialist model. It compares unfavourably, apparently, with the American model of single State control, without Federal interference, a system which somehow or other encourages competition. His only quoted authority on American education is his son's book, 'Columbus, Undergraduate.' Surely an individualist should have troubled to examine the facts! At present the control of the central government is one of the great humanizing features of our national educational system, while the American standard of efficiency has been adequately examined by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher and a number of other competent authorities. Similarly with other themes the desire to score a point has sometimes obscured the essential wisdom of his central principles. No one, for instance, will deny that the coal industry has been subject to unfortunate political influences, but to write, "I, therefore, do not hesitate to charge the politicians with full

responsibility for the plight of the coal industry" is to ignore the changed conditions of the world markets in coal for the last fifteen years.

These criticisms should not obscure the fact that Sir Ernest Benn has written an interesting volume, full of pregnant parables and illustrations which make his discussion of unemployment and housing and combines very entertaining. His plea for the unfettering of the individual from bureaucracy demands urgent exposition, as is nowhere better understood than in the SATURDAY REVIEW; perhaps it was only natural that in this volume he should have expressed it with a sense of impatience rather than with cool reasoning.

A NORFOLK NATURALIST

Bird Watching on Scolt Head. By E. L. Turner. Country Life. 10s. 6d.

THE appointment of Miss Turner as watcher on Scolt Head during 1924 and 1925 was quite unnecessarily exploited in the Press, including certain sections of it not supposed to be at the mercy of "stunts." It is very much to her credit, therefore, that she has not attempted to capitalize the notoriety thus thrust upon her, and that her account of her experiences should not only appear after a decent interval but should be written directly and without affectation for the benefit of more or less reasonable people who happen to be interested in birds. In her choice and treatment of material she has found the golden mean between a scientific paper and a popular account; her book will appeal to the general reader as well as the ornithologist.

It might have seemed, when she volunteered almost on impulse to take up the post on Scolt Head which had proved impossible to fill, that Miss Turner was an extraordinary person to appoint for such a task. Yet she possessed to a remarkable extent the three essential qualifications of a watcher—knowledge of birds, patience, and common sense. As the first holder of the appointment she had a difficult pioneer work in addition to all the everyday problems of the watcher, yet anyone who had seen her at Brancaster, on April 1, 1924, telling the reporters how she hated them and forming them into a press-gang to carry all the heavy stuff a quarter of a mile across the saltings, would have felt fairly confident that she, if anyone, was equal to the task. The same adaptability and resource carried her over all the obstacles of her two years' vigil, and enabled her to give us an account which is not only one of the notable bird books of 1928, but at the same time a watcher's handbook and a possible solution of the difficulty of getting bird sanctuaries efficiently guarded by people who are not overworked and underpaid, and therefore susceptible to corruption. For if Scolt Head could be guarded during two seasons by a single non-permanent unpaid watcher with the aid of a succession of visiting naturalists and friends, there seems no reason why the same system should not be successfully practised elsewhere. No doubt a good many ornithologists would willingly take on the task for one or two seasons, and given one resident of this type it would not be hard to arrange for a succession of extra volunteers to stay for shorter periods through the crucial weeks between May and July. The Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society, as often before, has acted as a pioneer, and it is to be hoped that the value of its example will not be lost upon others.

Among points of ornithological interest are the notes on rooks devouring young meadow-pipits wholesale; the communal display of the sheld-duck; the accounts of migration, when besides "accidental stragglers" even more unexpected sedentary forms like robins and wrens and little owls appeared; the

detailed accounts of terns, especially the scarce roseate; and the courtship of the oyster-catcher; although in connexion with this last it is tantalizing of the author to refer so summarily to "numbers of unmated birds of both sexes" without even stating how she verified the fact that these bachelor flocks are of mixed composition. We are so short of data on this important point that it is to be hoped she will take an early opportunity of publishing her notes upon it more fully.

The photographs are all good, and often of superlative excellence, to which the trouble taken over the production has obviously contributed; 'Bird Watching on Scott Head' is a thoroughly creditable piece of work.

THE LIFE OF HEINE

Heine: The Strange Guest. By Henry Baerlein. Bles. 12s. 6d.

THERE is no full-length life of Heine worthy of the name in English, and it may be taken therefore that this volume supplies a want. It will find favour with those who like the present mode of biography flavoured with fiction. Conversations are recorded in the book for which no authority is given and in some instances it would appear highly improbable, if not impossible, in the nature of the case that there should be any. The arrangement of the work in short-length chapters of from two to six pages gives a somewhat kinematic effect which makes the parts more readable than the whole.

The life of Heine is a tempting field for the biographer, and it seems astonishing that it should not have been fully written in English before, all the more since his reputation stands higher in England (and in France) than in Germany. Mr. Baerlein's book does not offer a critical estimate of Heine's work, and does not challenge comparison with the well-known essays of George Eliot and Matthew Arnold. He confines himself in the main to the telling of Heine's strange history. In Germany his genius was in a sense alien. And it is not surprising that he made Paris his home. In Germany he studied at the universities of Göttingen, Bonn, and Berlin, where he sat at the feet of Hegel. There are two versions of a meeting of Heine and Hegel. According to the first, Heine spoke to Hegel of the stars as the dwelling-places of the blessed and received the reply: "The stars are only a luminous rash upon the sky." When Heine protested against the denial of "an abiding-place where virtue is rewarded after death," Hegel is reported to have said: "So you expect a tip for looking after your sick mother and because you have abstained from poisoning your brother?" The second, perhaps more probable, version gives Hegel's response to the poet's words as: "No, the stars, they are not all that. But what we think about the stars, that is and that alone is."

Heine went to Paris after the July Revolution, full of an enthusiasm surpassing that in his early youth for Napoleon. There he lived, for the most part, till his last lingering illness and death, and there he made his friends and met the woman he married. He wrote poems, did journalistic work, accepted an annuity. The story of his life in Paris is not wholly edifying, but it is relieved by the record of his characteristic witticisms. Referring to his many imitators, he said: "I have sown scorpions and harvested fleas." The final eight years of living death upon a mattress were bravely borne, till the last cynicism: "Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier." Like Charles II's apology for being such an unconscionable time dying and Wilde's death-bed remark as he looked at the eminent physicians around him, that he was afraid he was dying beyond his means, it was a characteristic utterance.

NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

Pilgrims of Adversity. By William McFee. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

As Far as Jane's Grandmother's. By Edith Olivier. Secker. 7s. 6d.

Unmarried Life. By John North. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

The Ladder of Folly. By Muriel Hine. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

THERE are books for which one feels so much respect that it seems to swamp other emotions. 'Pilgrims of Adversity' is one of these. It has a great deal in its favour. The scene is laid in an imaginary Central American Republic, with all the possibilities of violent and romantic action that such a scene implies. There is political intrigue, centring about railroads and concessions; there are facts to bite on and fortunes to win. And there is a great deal about love, and sacrifices made for love. The hero is a Scotsman, straightforward and not stupid, whom one cannot help wishing well. There is an immense number of characters, an immense quantity of material, and taking up the bulky volume one promises oneself a great treat.

Why this sense of expectation remains I find it hard to say. Mr. McFee writes extremely well. He owes something to Conrad, of course, but hardly anything to Conrad's mannerisms. His style is straightforward and unaffected and perfectly adapted to what he has to say. His mind is mature and unprejudiced and always interested. He is so fair that there seems to be no appeal from his verdicts:

To Mr. Humphries nothing was ever grotesque. He had one of those hard efficient minds in the dull surface of which nothing can be reflected. To him the fortune of the *Loteria* was as beneficent, as just and as desirable as a legacy from a pious relative. More so. No strings to it. He did not accept the hazards and difficulties of his life with fatalism so much as with an active querulous sense of superiority. He had a failing for irony without humour. He was quite unable to consider the money he earned as a reward for the work he did. He worked, in a certain sense, not for money but to gratify an obscure ideal, a desire to prove his worth to himself, and perhaps to Mr. Barker. He knew that the chief had no inconvenient illusions about his getting into jail.

It is difficult to see how this portrait of Mr. Humphries could be bettered; and the whole book is as good as the sample. What Mr. McFee's work lacks is flavour. It is not exactly sterilized, but its air of seeing round the whole subject robs the subject of its mystery and gives an effect of monotony. It is rather like the sea, which plays so great a part in it. The sea has moods, one knows; but its changes are as

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nothing compared to its uniformity. Be it rough or smooth, smiling or angry, it can never do anything but illustrate itself. And similarly the multitudinous incidents and happenings in 'Pilgrims of Adversity' are so much subdued to the whole of life that they never win a private existence of their own.

'As Far as Jane's Grandmother's,' on the other hand, is full of personality, nor does Miss Olivier try to obtain a just relationship for her characters by setting them against a background of universal experience. In fact, the story takes a great deal of believing. As a girl, the heroine's daily walk had usually taken her "as far as her grandmother's." This measure of distance is symbolical; in later life she was to make no further progress, mental or spiritual, than that attained by the worldly, stoical, ironical, conventional, formidable Mrs. Basildon. The war that was to change others, reconciling them to mixed bathing and kindred enormities, was to leave her precisely at the point where Mrs. Basildon left off—a very considerable altitude, and one that called for the exercise of many virtues, self-respect, courage, and duty towards one's neighbour: but quite unversed to the melting mood, or to any change or blossoming of heart.

Something had been stifled in Jane since the days when she sympathized with Julian, so distasteful to the men of her "set," because of his unconventional clothes and his Bohemian friends. In its earlier part her relationship to him is described with the greatest subtlety, particularly her agitation and dismay at the unhappy effect he created on the people of her world. Her giving him up—her giving up everything, in fact, which was foreign to Mrs. Basildon's ideas of propriety—seems more arbitrary and less convincing. Miss Olivier's writing acknowledges the influence of Mr. Maurice Baring's; it has the same muted tone, the same fatalistic conception of character; and in Jane's gravitation towards and final assimilation into everything her grandmother stood for, the hand of Fate is surely too plainly at work. There is, moreover, a certain amount of sheer exaggeration and unlikeness to life in Jane's uncompromising hostility to the post-war generation. Another thing: would Julian's sympathy, that so attracted Jane, have been compatible with the crass insensibility he displayed towards her feelings. At first she found him charming:

Julian made her feel that she was saying quite interesting things when really she had hardly spoken. He talked himself, and about subjects which interested her so much that she felt in the conversation without speaking. And he was so aware of her interest that he did not notice how little she said. Yet he did draw her out, too, so that, as they walked homewards, she found that she had told him about her home, her parents and her grandmother.

But in some passages he seems little better than Jane's friends thought him, and we do not know which to believe, that she was attracted by a man of genuine intellectual quality or that she was deceived by a charlatan. Miss Olivier writes with so much private conviction, her statements are so clear and free from qualification, that her slightest word is like a challenge, defying the reader to say this was not so. 'As Far as Jane's Grandmother's' is an amateur's novel, and like others of its kind it has an uncertainty of emphasis and is not fully under the author's control. It is rather solemn about everything, even about trifles, and in spite of its distinctness in detail the general bearing of Jane's character and progress is not always plain. Her hysteria, for instance: for how much or for how little did that count? But the amateurishness is more than atoned for by the freshness; by the extraordinarily life-like character of certain scenes; and by the feeling that whatever happens matters tremendously. It is hard enough to draw a character which is consistent with itself. Miss Olivier has done more: she has depicted the cross-currents and self-contradictions within the personality over which

identity holds precarious sway. She has given her attention to the disruptive forces in personality, and yet she has not sacrificed identity. Jane is recognizable in everything she says, if not always in everything she does. She is a most interesting person. Was it her fault that she is not a likeable one?

'Unmarried Life' is an ingenious little comedy, very lightly treated, but with a hint of bitterness behind the banter. The characters are securely lodged on a plane remote from reality; one cannot take them very seriously. And yet in this artificial world the proportions are so well kept that emotions retain their values, though they lose their power to hurt. One does not trouble oneself greatly whether Charles marries Foy, or runs away with her mother, or lives with his typist; but one feels the weight of his indecision, and one awaits the upshot with expectancy but without anxiety: just as at a farce one wonders which door will disgorge which character. It is difficult to give the flavour of Mr. North's book. Its subject is rather squalid—selfish people running after, away with, and away from each other; yet the squalor is lost in the gaiety. The whole thing, with its bewildering changes of formation, takes only twenty-four hours. It is never very funny—perhaps unmarried life never is—but it does not fall below a certain standard of amusingness, and it is well and crisply written.

'The Ladder of Folly' is not at all crisp: it wanders at its own sweet will, and it is hard to associate this meandering story with anything as formal as a ladder. Ann, the heroine, is a weak, much-tried girl who needs support, comfort and reassurance from all and sundry. She clings wherever she can. Her defencelessness, however, is rather agreeable than otherwise to the robust, self-confident reader; and Miss Hine's narrative, though it seems to lack direction, opens up a great deal of country and atones for formlessness by variety.

Competitors in the Literary Competitions are reminded that when solutions reach us later than the time specified in the rules they cannot be forwarded to the setter of the competition in time for adjudication, and are therefore necessarily disqualified.

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SHORTER NOTICES

The Alexiad. Translated by E. A. S. Dawes. Kegan Paul. 15s.

Anna Comnena. By Naomi Mitchison. Howe 3s. 6d.

SCOTT has no doubt much to answer for in our mental picture of Anna Comnena, and in the general neglect of Byzantine Greek there has been little opportunity of correcting it. Dr. Dawes now affords English readers for the first time the means of knowing what she wrote, and of forming an opinion of the writer. It is a surprisingly good and interesting translation of a book, full of first-hand accounts of the only civilized country of its century brought face to face with barbarians—Western and Eastern. The story of the reign of Alexis, her father, is extremely well told, in a language founded on the best classical traditions; and it gives a far more favourable impression of him than Scott leaves on us. Mrs. Mitchison's biography emphasizes the picturesque elements in the Princess's life and in the background of Byzantine pomp and circumstance. It is easily written, makes pleasant reading, and will, we hope, send people on to Dr. Dawes's translation, which we most heartily commend as a fine and much needed work of scholarship.

At Cheltenham Spa. By Edith Humphries and E. C. Willoughby. Knopf. 10s. 6d.

THE sub-title of this book is 'Georgians in a Georgian Town' and the story of Cheltenham, though it goes back to the possibly eponymous Celt, is here mainly a record of a rise to royal favour. Georgian Cheltenham, at first a mere village compared with Bath, must yet have possessed a charming elegance. It grew up as a planned town, finely parked, and to its chestnut groves and healing waters came most of the Georgian notables and lounge-lizards of the periwig and clouded cane. Mrs. Siddons rose to fame there and all the stars of the time shone on the tiny stage; much port was driven down to be drunk at Pittville (after all there are limits to the attractions of cure by mineral water) and great steeplechasing took place on the Cotswold slopes. In this pleasantly written and illustrated book there is a pageant of spa and sport; here is a word-portrait of one who might be a Gainsborough lady, there a description of a Rowlandson scene. There was plenty of gaming and gallantry behind the classical façade of the Georgian villas; here the old rulers of England basked and played while the new rulers were blackening the face of the midlands and the north. This book might be read as a companion to a survey of the Industrial Revolution.

Musings of an Old Shikari. By Colonel A. I. R. Glasfurd. The Bodley Head. 18s.

WE welcome another volume from Colonel Glasfurd, whose new book is written with the same freshness as characterized his 'Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle.' He is frankly conversational in style, and is a most agreeable companion for an idle hour. The introductory chapter, in which he describes the influences that moulded his boyish mind to the ambition of being one day a hunter of big game, is a charming piece of autobiography. The catapult of "penny-the-foot square elastic" and the "revolver cartridge that more or less fitted the walking-stick gun" helped the Highland lads to re-enact the deeds recounted in the fascinating pages of Gordon Cumming and an old set of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*. Colonel Glasfurd is imbued with the magic of the jungle in which he spent so many happy and exciting hours, and many of his simple descriptions bring its aspect more closely home to the reader's mind than more pretentious word-pictures. He has a thrilling way of recording his stalks and adventures in pursuit of deer and bison, elephant and tiger; nor could the sport of pig-sticking be better visualized than from his chapter on that subject.

My Horses and Other Essays. By Nimrod (Charles James Apperley). Edited with an Introduction by E. D. Cuming. Blackwood. 20s.

NIMROD is surely the most readable of all writers on horses and hunting. This selection from his writings is as lively as his other books. He bought, made and sold many hunters, and of most of them he remembered and wrote something amusing. His views on steeplechasing were amazing: he describes it as "the most cruel, the most unsportsmanlike, the most cocktail pursuit ever entered into by English gentlemen. . . I am induced to speak out boldly in consequence of what has just taken place at Liverpool in a disgusting exhibition, absurdly designated 'the Great National Steeplechase.' . . In a fury of indignation he bombarded *The Times* and the *Standard* with letters—which were never printed. But Nimrod with a grievance is not half so entertaining as Nimrod enthusiastic, and the many stories collected here of his exploits out hunting are excellently told. He must indeed have been a "rum one to follow, a bad one to beat."

Half Hours in Old London. By Harry Prince. Bell. 6s.

The Taverns of London. By H. E. Popham. Cecil Palmer. 1s. 6d.

ONE might have imagined that there was little new to say on the subjects of London and of love. The two themes, however, continue to occupy the attention of historians and novelists. Mr. Harry Prince, in his companionable book, if he has nothing new to say, has at least something to repeat. Beginning with the ancient priory church of St. John at Clerkenwell, he conducts the reader to Chelsea, from there back again to the City, and so by a number of devious routes to what used to be the pleasant riverside village of Chiswick. Mr. Prince writes with appropriate enthusiasm, and the volume is one that should suffice for the needs of all London visitors. There are some excellent illustrations by Mr. F. W. Knight.

'The Taverns of London' is planned on a less ambitious scale. It consists of an itinerary of the London taverns from the "Queen's Head" at Westminster to the "Queen of Ramsgate" at Wapping, with brief historical notes about each. Pepys, after the Fire of London, noted that "there were just as many churches left as there were taverns left standing in the rest of the City that was not burned; . . which is pretty to observe." At such a time as this, when both the City churches and the City taverns appear to stand in some danger of destruction, Mr. Popham's book may serve as a welcome reminder of a happier day.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST. Vol. II. By Oswald Spengler. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

ASPECTS OF AGE, LIFE AND DISEASE. By Sir Humphrey Rolleston. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

NEW ENGLAND LYRICS AND OTHER POEMS. Otis Everett. Ellison and Wood. New York. (No price stated.)

ALGÆ. By Maurice Baring. Heinemann. 2s. 6d.

POISON ISLAND. By Sir A. Quiller-Couch. Dent. 3s. 6d.

LADY GOOD FOR NOTHING. By Sir A. Quiller-Couch. Dent. 3s. 6d.

THE SPLENDID JOURNEY. By Honore Wilsie Morrow. Windmill Press. 5s.

POPULAR MAP READING. By E. D. Laborde. Cambridge University Press. 6s. and 4s. 6d.

LEVITATION. By Oliver Leroy. Burns and Oates. 10s. 6d.

THE WOMAN WORKER AND RESTRICTIVE LEGISLATION. By J. Blainey. Arrowsmith. 1s.



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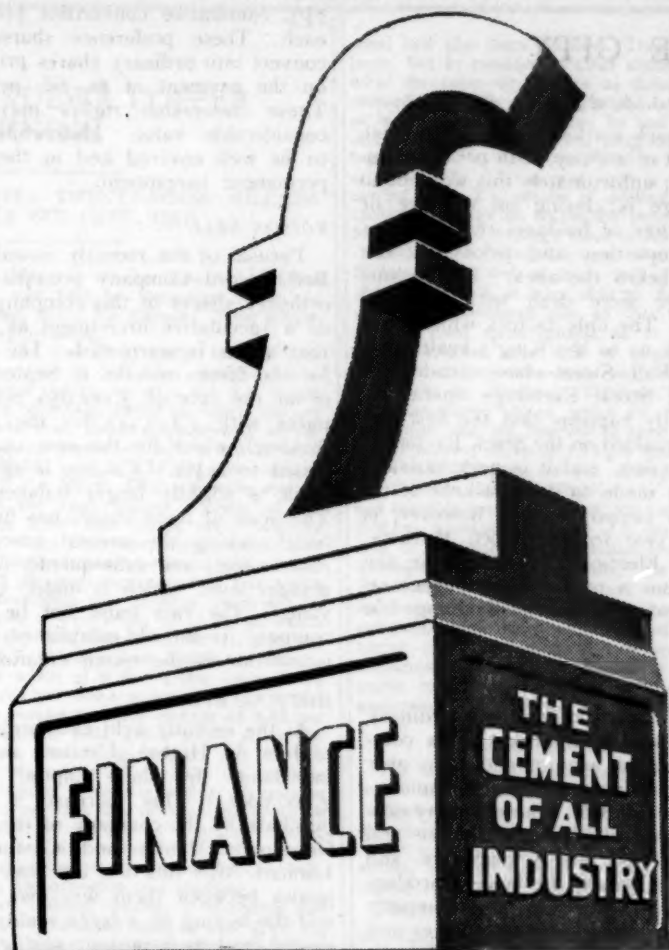
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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Wednesday

A MONTH or two back markets promised to finish the year in a burst of activity, with prices standing at high levels; unfortunately this was not to be; the Stock Exchange is closing on the eve of Christmas with the volume of business reduced to a comparatively small proportion and prices, in the majority of cases, well below the apex. The various reasons for this change were dealt with in these notes some weeks ago. The only factors which have since transpired—anxiety as to the King's health and wild fluctuations on Wall Street—have tended to decrease the volume of Stock Exchange operations still further. It frequently happens that the first few days of a new year are heralded on the Stock Exchange with an outburst of optimism, and it is quite possible that we may see efforts made to put markets better during the first week in January. 1929, however, is bound to be a difficult year for the Stock Markets, because of the General Election; uncertainty in the Home political outlook has a restraining influence on business in general and the Stock Exchange in particular.

JOHNSON AND BARNES

Dealings started last week in the £1 ordinary shares of Johnson and Barnes, Limited. This company was formed in 1912 to acquire and take over as a going concern the business of hosiery manufacturers originally founded in 1896. The company now manufactures women's and children's cashmere and artificial silk stockings, and men's cashmere and fancy socks, and has now almost the largest production of women's hosiery in Leicester. The company owns freehold property, including factories, offices and warehouses in Leicester, Kibworth and Stapleford. The valuation of the plant and buildings, made in 1928 by Messrs. Hill and Company, of Leicester, is considerably in excess of the price at which these items stand in the balance sheet, thus constituting a valuable hidden reserve. The average profits for the past five years, after making full allowances for all the expenses of the business—including depreciation, directors' fees and remuneration, but before charging taxation payable on profits—amount to £43,269. The actual profit for the year ended February 19 last amounted to £48,185. The issued capital of the company consists of 62,750 £1 7½% cumulative preference shares and 240,000 £1 ordinary shares. It will be seen that, after making allowance for the preference shares, on the average figures for the past five years, a balance is available which would permit a substantial return on the ordinary shares. These appear well worth locking away at the present level, which is in the neighbourhood of 25s. 6d.

WIGGINS

Wiggins and Company (Hammersmith), Limited, recently declared an interim dividend of 5% on their ordinary shares. At the same time shareholders were notified that Wiggins had accepted an offer from the London Brick Company and Forders, Limited, to purchase the Wiggins Company's shareholding in the Beeby's Brick Company. This interest was acquired by Wiggins some seven months ago with the object of assuring an adequate supply of "Fletton" bricks. This object has been achieved, as the agreement with the London Brick Company and Forders, dealing with the sale of Beeby's shares, includes clauses which place Wiggins in an even stronger position for the supply and distribution of this particular class of brick than was previously possible. The capital of Wiggins includes 1,500,000

7½% cumulative convertible preference shares of 4s. each. These preference shares carry the right to convert into ordinary shares prior to January 1, 1933, on the payment of 8s. 6d. per share so converted. These conversion rights may one day prove of considerable value. Meanwhile, the shares appear to be well covered and in their class suitable as a permanent investment.

EDISON BELL

Perusal of the recently issued report of the Edison Bell Record Company prompts the opinion that the ordinary shares of this company look relatively cheap as a speculative investment at the present level and that a rise is warranted. The report shows a profit for the fifteen months to September 30 of £152,573, or at the rate of £122,059 per annum, which compares with £119,347 for the previous year. The dividend, which for the year 1926-7 was 8%, is to be raised to 12½%. £20,000 is again placed to reserve, while a slightly larger balance is carried forward. The price of these shares has fluctuated between wide limits during the current year. At one time they rose to 68s., and subsequently fell to 26s. 3d. At the present level, which is under 35s., they show a fair yield. The fact must not be overlooked that this company is an old-established record company and is not one of the recent creations.

HUTTON, LTD.

At the recently held extraordinary General Meeting of John V. Hutton, Limited, a resolution was passed increasing the share capital of the company to £160,000. This increase is necessitated by the purchase by the company of the majority of shares in Goodson's Mantle and Costume Company (1920) Limited. After this deal has been effected, the two companies between them will own over sixty branches, and the buying on a large scale which this will permit should lead to important savings to both companies.

CABLE COMPANIES

In the reasonably near future, the merger scheme of the Marconi Companies and the Cable Companies should be an accomplished fact; and, when this matures, the stock received by shareholders in the present Cable Companies should aggregate a total in excess of their present market price. Shareholders in these companies, therefore, would be ill-advised to dispose of their holdings despite their recent rise.

CARRERAS

Mr. Bernhard Barron, Chairman of the Carreras Company, at the 25th Annual General Meeting held this week had a further tale of success to unfold to shareholders. When it is realized that during the first five years of the Company's history its profits amounted to £90,659, and that during the last five years they have amounted to £4,699,308, the extraordinary progress made by this remarkable business can be realized.

INITIAL SERVICES

At the Statutory Meeting of Initial Services (1928), Limited, the Chairman stated that the profits for the three months to September 30 last were not less than the estimate of £48,000 included in the prospectus. As prospectus estimates are frequently over-optimistic it is interesting to see that in this case, so far at all events, they have been justified.

COMPANY MEETINGS

In this issue will be found reports of the following company meetings: Bwana M'Kubwa Copper Mining Co. Ltd.; Carreras Limited; Initial Services (1928) Limited.

TAURUS

Company Meeting

BWANA M'KUBWA COPPER MINING

N'KANA DEVELOPMENTS: TWENTY-FOUR MILLION TONS OF 4.2 PER CENT. ORE

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Bwana M'Kubwa Copper Mining Co., Ltd., was held on December 19 at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C., Sir Edmund Davis (chairman and managing director) presiding.

The Chairman said that the loss of £109,784 for the year was largely due to the fact that it had been thought better policy, with a view to future results, to strip the full length of the ore body on the line of strike, owing to which the ore mined was of a lower grade than the average reserve of the mine. The Bwana Mine ore reserves down to the 250 ft. level were now estimated at 3,007,366 tons of 3.74 per cent. copper, and the total ore reserve to the 500 ft. level was estimated to be 7,165,735 tons of 3.96 per cent. copper. Being of the opinion that at the Bwana Mine there might occur sulphide ore below the oxidised ores which were now being worked, they had put down a borehole with the following encouraging results: From 250 ft. to 290 ft. 5.31 per cent. copper, over a true width of 17 ft., of which about four-fifths was sulphide; from 405 ft. to 483 ft. 3.58 per cent. over a true width of 33 ft. of which about one-third was sulphide; from 518 ft. to 529 ft. 4.53 per cent. over a true width of 5 ft., and from 549 ft. to 569 ft. 2.56 per cent. over a true width of 8 ft. Those values were better than a former borehole put down some years ago in the same vicinity and the four results gave an average of 3.96 per cent. copper over 63 ft. Another hole which would strike the deposit 250 ft. deeper was now being drilled, and it was hoped that that would cut the ore wholly within the sulphide zone. The board were initiating a regular boring programme in the hope that below the oxidised ore there might prove to be sulphide ores which could be worked at a profit. Should that prove to be the case, it would mean a new mine to the company, the ore from which could be treated by the well-known method of flotation, concentration and smelting.

At the N'Kana Mine shaft sinking, driving, cross-cutting and raising during the year under review had come to over 5,400 ft., and the drilling had been of an extraordinarily satisfactory nature, and enabled the board to state that the N'Kana Mine might prove to be one of the notable copper mines of the world. The beds in which the ore might occur had already been proved over a length of strike of about four miles, and that four miles was only a small part of the total length of strike of the beds which existed in the N'Kana area. Researches by Dr. Bancroft and his assistant geologist had proved that the beds occurred in a large synclinal fold. The sub-outcrop was a horseshoe-shaped figure, the major portion of which appeared to be in the N'Kana Mine area, which was 20 sq. miles, and could, at the board's option, be increased to 62½ sq. miles.

PROVISION FOR PROSPECTING

As stated on December 7, 1926, the board had made over the right to prospect the unprospected portion of the N'Kana Concession—excluding, of course, the N'Kana Mine—an estimated area of 1,800 sq. miles, to Selection Trust, Ltd., who had subsequently transferred their rights to the Rhodesian Selection Trust, Ltd. The results of the combined activities of those companies had led to the discovery of a copper property of very great value—the Mufulira. Drill holes over a length of strike of about 5,000 ft. had already proved the existence of three rich copper-bearing beds of an aggregate width of 68 ft. and an average copper content of 5.99 per cent. The right to prospect the N'Kana Concession would normally expire on December 31, 1929, but had since been extended by the Chartered Company to December 31, 1930, with option to them to extend it for further periods up to April 30, 1935. The Rhodesian Selection Trust held, until November 30, 1929, a two-thirds interest in the proposition, this Company retaining one-third, as well as the right to find up to 30 per cent. of any capital required for the development and equipment of any property. After November 30, 1929, they retained a 65 per cent. interest in the N'Kana Grant, as well as the right to subscribe for 80 per cent. of any capital. The capital of the Rhodesian Selection Trust, which had no other interest than its prospecting rights in the N'Kana Concession, was £500,000 in 2,000,000 shares of 5s. each, which on the previous day had a market valuation of £4,000,000. He mentioned that as he wished to draw attention to the possible value of their own undertaking.

CASH OFFER OF A MILLION

The board as a fact had recently been offered £1,000,000 cash for their four-fifths interest in the N'Kana Grant, but had declined, and it had also been suggested that they should capitalise the whole of their interest, the Rhodesian Selection Trust to increase its capital by 1,000,000 shares, to be issued to this company at the current market price, representing £2,000,000. The pro-

posal had also been declined. Those offers might appear very large, but in considering them shareholders must bear in mind what the value—at perhaps no distant date—might be of their properties. When presiding at the last ordinary general meeting, in referring to the N'Kana, he had stated that the board had laid out an extensive boring programme with a view to indicating, if possible, from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 tons of sulphide ores by 1928. What was then a programme had now been carried out. The results of drilling to November 15 last indicated a tonnage of 24,106,000 tons over an average width of 31.5 ft. with an average value of 4.2 per cent. copper.

Most of the principal copper mines in the world were United States owned, and of those only 7 produced copper at under £40 per ton; 8 at from £40 to £45 per ton, and 31 at over £45. He mentioned this so that the shareholders would be able to form some opinion as to the possible future of the Copper market, and how it might affect the profit-earning capacity of properties such as their own which were being developed in Northern Rhodesia. Taking the 8 largest American-owned mines which in 1927 produced 571,829 tons of copper, the ore reserves of their properties had an average copper content of about 1.70 per cent. They had in the Bwana Mine 7,165,735 tons of ore averaging 3.96 per cent. and in the N'Kana Mine 4,170,000 tons of oxide and mixed oxide and sulphide ores, and 19,936,000 tons of sulphide ore, the whole N'Kana tonnage averaging 4.2 per cent. Owing to the richness of the Northern Rhodesian ore beds, such as were being developed by their company, the Roan Antelope, and the Rhodesian Selection Trust and others, it would take a very much smaller capital expenditure to produce a ton of copper compared with the American-owned mines, on account of the higher grade ore in the Rhodesian properties. As the copper consumption of the world continued to increase, there should be ample room in the markets without affecting prices, for the absorption of the Northern Rhodesian output.

MORE CONFIDENT THAN EVER

The board were more confident than ever as to the brilliant future of their undertaking, a confidence which would be better realized when he stated that they held and represented £778,275 debentures out of £902,775 outstanding, and 1,929,508 shares in the company, and friends of theirs held an additional 973,431 shares, making a total of 2,902,929 shares out of an issued capital of 6,790,256 shares. (Applause)

The report and accounts were adopted.

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ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' are excluded: they may be reviewed later.)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 353

(CLOSING DATE: Thursday, December 27)

IL SAVAIT QUE LA MÉFIANCE
EST MÈRE DE LA SÛRETÉ.

—La Fontaine's Fables

1. Relieve it first, then give your tongue full play.
2. A brief derangement, ancient authors say.
3. Curtail who felt no pity for his debtor.
4. Fish, beetle, moth, fly, cross, and Hebrew letter.
5. Of boisterous mirth he means to take his fill.
6. Clip at each end the apex of a hill.
7. A measure and a king are in this caper.
8. Has been referred to as a scrap of paper.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 351

OF DEVONSHIRE AND CORNWALL, EACH A TOWN,
ONE NAMED FROM HIM WHOSE PARENTS CALLED HIM CROWN.

1. Hid in this tool you'll find a laureate bard.
2. Core of a substance, heavy, ay, and hard.
3. Resent it if you will, but keep two-thirds.
4. Is quickly cozened with beguiling words.
5. Curtail a bird whose tail is none too long.
6. A famous revolutionary song.
7. To thirsty caravans a welcome sight.
8. So perish those who falter in the fight!
9. Lop—head and tail—a fish whose roe tastes good.
10. He in his blindness bows to stone and wood.

Solution of Acrostic No. 351

T	rowe	L ¹	Nicholas Rowe (1674-1718). He was
mE	t	Al	appointed poet-laureate in 1715, and is
I	ns	Uly	buried in Westminster Abbey. The
G	reenhor	N	"gallant, gay Lothario" is a character
N	uthat	Ch	in his "Fair Penitent."
M	arseillais	E	
O	asi	S	
U	nwep	T	According to Camden, Launceston is a
sT	urge	On	corruption of Lanstuphadon, or St.
H	eathe	N	Stephen's Church.

ACROSTIC No. 351.—The winner is Mr. James Benson, Treore, St. James's Avenue, Gravesend, who has chosen as his prize 'For Lancelot Andrewes,' by T. S. Eliot, published by Faber and Gwyer, and reviewed by us on December 8 under the title 'A Candlestick in its Place.' Twelve other competitors selected this book, 23 named 'The Profession of Letters,' 17 'The Yellow Pigeon,' 13 'A Christmas Book,' 13 'The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armadale, Astur, E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Charles G. Box, Brevis, Mrs. Robt. Brown, M. de Burgh, Carlton, Bertram R. Carter, Miss Carter, C. C. J., Ceyz, Chailey, J. Chambers, Chip, Clam, J. R. Cripps, Mrs. Alice Crooke, Dhualt, D. L., Dolmar, Doric, Ursula D'Ot, Ebor, Sir Reginald Egerton, E. G. H., Elizabeth, G. M. Fowler, Ganesh, Gay, Glamis, R. P. Graham, W. E. Groves, James Hall, G. H. Hammond, Hanworth, H. C. M., H. K., Iago, Jop, John Lennie, Lepus, Lilian, Margaret, Martha, A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Maxwell, Met, Mrs. Milne, M. I. R., Miss Moore, H. de R. Morgan, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, F. C. Orpet, Parvus, Peter, F. M. Petty, Quis, Rand, Richey, Rabbits, Red Cot, G. H. Rodolph, Mrs. A. T. Shaw, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Speen, Spyella, St. Ives, W. Stone, Sydney, Hon. R. G. Talbot, F. G. Timm, Twyford, Ve, C. J. Warden, A. R. Wheeler, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Barberry, Mrs. J. Butler, Miss A. Chatfield, Thora, Crayke, Maud Crowther, C. W. Ellis, Falcon, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, E. W. Fox, Hetrians, Jeff, Jerboa, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Lole, Madge, George W. Miller, M. Overton, Polamar, Remmap, Rho Kappa, Schoolie, Stucco, H. M. Vaughan.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—M. East, Buns.

FOR LIGHT 2.—Teak and Lead are accepted. Lead, though a soft metal, is hard as compared with many other substances. "As hard as a bullet" was a proverbial saying when all bullets were made of lead.—For Light 3, Injury, as Martha notes, seems inferior to Insult.

ACROSTIC No. 350.—CORRECT: Ursula D'Ot.

Company Meetings

CARRERAS, LTD.

The TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Carreras, Ltd., was held on December 17 at Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, N.W.

Mr. Bernard Baron (chairman and managing director), who presided: said: Our net profit for the year was £1,154,250, which, with the amount brought forward, £1,203,607, gives us an available balance of £2,357,857, and at this, the twenty-fifth meeting of the company—the Silver Anniversary—I think we are fully justified in being proud of our record of twenty-five years of successful work. (Applause.) Although general conditions have fluctuated greatly during our existence as a company, we have never had a year without a substantial dividend. For the past ten years the dividend has averaged 32 per cent. per annum, and, except in one year, has been paid free of tax.

The shareholders, however, have not only had dividends in cash, but it has been possible to issue additional shares by way of bonus. Our success has been solid, and, I feel sure, we need have no fear of being able to carry on our past success to still greater heights.

The year we closed on October 31 was not an easy one; we have had to bear the full force of the additional duty of 8d. per pound placed on tobacco last year, otherwise our profit this year would have exceeded the previous best by a very considerable sum. Our turnover showed a splendid increase, but the extra duty has meant that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has reaped the reward of our extra business instead of the shareholders. But apart from the duty, we have been handicapped by limitations of factory space, and practically no benefit from this wonderful new building was possible in the financial year we are considering. Those limitations have now been removed, and we have here a factory of which we are all very proud; it is equipped with the most modern machinery and plant, and we claim it is a model of comfort for the workers—(hear, hear)—who greatly appreciate the improved atmosphere which has been provided.

I wish once again to say how greatly I appreciate the hearty co-operation of all our workpeople. They have given us of their best in the year that is past, and particularly in connection with the big job of removing from our two old factories to this one during the month of September.

The report was adopted, and at an extraordinary general meeting it was resolved to increase the capital to £1,725,000 by the creation of 2,200,000 new "B" Ordinary shares.

At the conclusion of the proceedings, Mr. Bernhard Baron was presented with his portrait, painted by Sir William Orpen, R.A.

INITIAL SERVICES (1928) LTD.

PROGRESS MAINTAINED
PROFITS SINCE INCORPORATION

The STATUTORY MEETING of Initial Services (1928), Ltd., was held on Dec. 17 at the Institute of Chartered Accountants, Moorgate, London, E.C.

Mr. A. P. Bigelow, chairman and managing director, who presided, said: Ladies and gentlemen, this meeting has been called to comply with Section 65 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908. You will be aware that it is of a somewhat formal nature and coming so soon after the incorporation of the company, there can be little information to give which is not already in your hands. A copy of the statutory report has been sent to each shareholder. This shows that the capital of the company has been fully subscribed. The report contains a statement of receipts and payments to Dec. 5, 1928.

From the statement you will see that the cash at the company's bankers and in hand at Dec. 5 last was £135,204 18s. 2d. The excess of revenue receipts over revenue payments during the period from July 1 to Dec. 5 amounts to £60,972 8s. 2d. This latter figure should not be taken as indicating the amount of profit made during that period. It may, however, be stated that the profits exceed this sum. It will not be expected that three months after the incorporation of your company the directors should make a definite forecast as to the profits for the year, but the shareholders will be glad to know that the results achieved since July 1 last, from which date your company acquired the business of the Initial Services Co. Ltd., are not less favourable than were anticipated.

We are satisfied that the profits for the three months to Sept. 30 last, which should be regarded as pre-incorporation profits, were not less than the estimate of £48,000 mentioned in my letter published in the "Offer for Sale"; further, that the progress of the company since Sept. 30 has been maintained. It will be remembered that the certified profits set out in the "Offer for Sale" showed a steady increase during the last completed five years. The last of these years, namely, that ended Dec. 31, 1927, resulted in a profit amounting to £174,980. The seven months to July 31, 1928, show profits at the rate of £190,295 for a completed year. Our accounts will be made up to June 30 next, and the directors anticipate that the profits will not fall below this sum. Assuming this result, it is important to note that approximately one-quarter of the profits of the first year will have been earned before the incorporation of the company, and therefore will not be available for distribution.

"THE RECOGNISED ORGAN OF THE
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